

# Sports Illustrated

MAY 14, 1979

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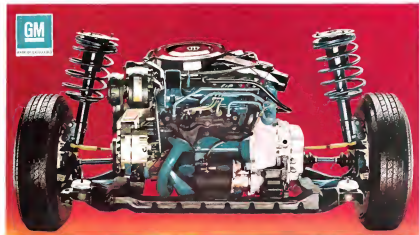
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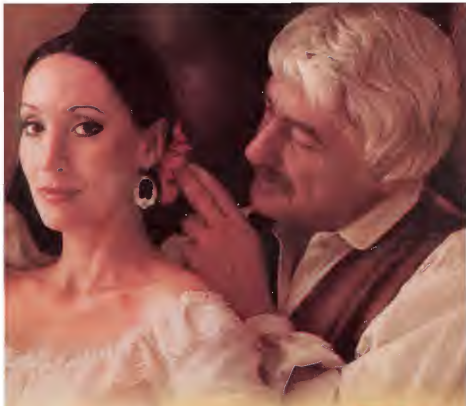
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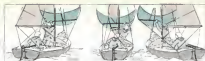


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## BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

### IN A FUNNY, MOVING NOVEL, A COACH AND HIS TEAM LEARN ABOUT WINNING

*Stealing Home* Philip O'Connor's amiable and entirely engaging first novel (Knopf, \$8.95), has to do with a young father named Benjamin Dinnie who becomes coach of a Pee Wee League baseball team in hopes of repairing relations with his surly, incommunicative 12-year-old son, Bobo. Against rather overwhelming odds—as the season opens, his band of ragamuffins make the Bird News Bears look like the New York Yankees—he leads them to the city championships; what matters more is that he unwittingly leads himself to a new understanding of who he is and what he owes to himself, not to mention to others.

When Dinnie tells Bobo that he will be taking over as coach of the Gray's Cleaners team, he gets an icy reception. "I don't want you to be the coach, because I have to be two people, the player and the son, and I don't like that. I wouldn't like it even if you were a good coach. Which I doubt you are, cause you're very—jumpy—swart—fat. It's like everything about you. You're not big or little, smart or dumb, thin or fat, crazy or not crazy. You're just—average."

The other players seem to share that view, for Dinnie is greeted with stiflen hostility. But as his average way he is a southern fellow, and slowly he molds his hilarious collection of oddballs, misfits and malcontents into a surprisingly tight team. After they win a few games that they thoroughly expected to lose, the Gray's Cleaners kids gain confidence and unity. They learn that winning is fun, and they learn how to do it.

The team's story unfolds along with Dinnie's own struggles and triumphs reflecting his own. His wife Marilyn goes off on a strange tear, trying to find a purpose to her life; he in turn has an affair with the mother of one of his players. But in his very average way Dinnie is a good and decent man, and in the end the urge to stay with his family is stronger than the urge to leave it, at least for the present. The double implications of the title need no elaboration.

*Stealing Home* is a modest novel—breezy and colloquial, good-humored and unpretentious—but it is also unexpectedly moving. That's because O'Connor has created a cast of wholly believable characters, from the kids on the team to the various villains who attempt to make their lives difficult. The novel is very funny—any book that makes me laugh out loud automatically gets three stars—and it leaves you feeling very good. **END**





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# Footloose

by LOWELL COHN

**IF JOGGING IS TOO MINDLESS AND CHESS TOO SEDENTARY, TRY JOGGER'S CHESS**

Einer Jensen contemplated the next move. A venturesome knight was threatening his king's rook, while his queen's bishop was in jeopardy at the hands of an upstart pawn. He decided to save the rook.

Jensen paused, squared his shoulders and scrunched down his horned Viking helmet. Swinging his arms in frenzied semicircles, he scurried backward like a startled crab onto the 256-square-foot chess "board" he had set up with agricultural lime in a meadow in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Jensen then grabbed the two-foot-high rook and carried it to safety four squares away. Then he hopped off the board and stopped the clock, a four-foot-high wooden timer resembling a coat rack with oversized ears.

Jensen, a 49-year-old Danish-born restaurateur, was showing off his moves in a phe-

nomenon of his own invention known as Jogger's Chess. Dismayed with what he considered the non-intellectual nature of jogging, Jensen retired to the garage behind his restaurant a few months ago and set about creating a pastime that he believed would improve the mind as well as the body. Five days later he emerged with a giant chess set consisting of plywood pieces up to two feet tall, each weighing five pounds.

Jogger's Chess combines the brainwork of regular chess with some of the rigors of running. Because games are limited to 20 minutes, one needs more speed than endurance to compete. In a typical 50-move game, a player runs the equivalent of an all-out half mile. Sedentary types, used to the luxury of pondering for hours, find themselves out of breath long before they are out of moves.

The scoring system is slightly eccentric. Each player is given 50 points at the beginning of the game. As play progresses, the "Official Scorer" awards plus points for outstanding exercises (high knee lifts, somersaults, jumping jacks, etc.) and minus points for sloppy play, lack of imagination and knocking over pieces. Points are also awarded for each move. A player who checkmates his opponent gets 25 points. However, when the plus and minus

points are added up at the end of a game, a klutz might find he has won in chess but lost at Jogger's Chess because his opponent has performed dazzling footwork and fanciful routines—like somersaulting onto the board to move a piece, then crawling off on all fours.

At Golden Gate Park one recent Sunday morning, the most exciting match pitted 23-year-old Marvin Boykins against 18-year-old Peter Epstein. As they desperately slipped, hopped and danced from square to square, Jensen stood on the side like an auctioneer, awarding and subtracting points. With two minutes to go in the game, Boykins achieved a breathless checkmate. Epstein had lost track of his king while defending a vulnerable castle. Such absentmindedness is not uncommon in Jogger's Chess because it's impossible to see the entire board at once. Not having the overview afforded in real chess, a neophyte often finds himself wandering among the pieces, trying to remember what's happening behind him.

Jensen envisions a day when there will be inter-city leagues with expert players jogging around chessboards. For the moment, though, he would be content to play Bobby Fischer. "He's a great player," Jensen says, "but I'm in better shape."

END

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## HOT WALKER

Four years ago this spring, the baseball team at Patapsco High School outside Baltimore had a pinch hitter who specialized in drawing walks. He was Ron Franklin, now the rider of Spectacular Bid. "Ronnie was only about 4' 7" and 72 pounds," says Rich Bartos, who coached the team. "When we got him into a crouched batting stance, it was almost impossible to pitch to him. The one year he played, he came to bat 17 times and walked nine."

"Ronnie was small, but he was tough. In fact, he got into several fights because of his size. I thought baseball would be good for him because he was having an identity problem in school. He became one of the more popular kids once he started playing. In fact, that spring was probably his best semester."

A uniform had to be made for the pint-sized player. "Our other uniforms cost \$30, but Ronnie's specially made one cost \$60," says Bartos. The other players had low numbers on their uniforms, but Franklin wore No. 44, the same as Henry Aaron. Alas, the one time Franklin was allowed to swing away, he struck out.

## FALLEN STAR

There's a juicy story behind Dutch soccer star Johan Cruyff's decision to talk contract with the Cosmos and the L.A. Aztecs. Only last year, after he retired from Barcelona, for which he starred for five years, Cruyff rejected a \$4 million, two-year contract with the New York/New Jersey club. The onetime Amsterdam street kid, who amassed a fortune estimated at \$10 to \$14 million, wanted to prove that he could play the role of star business tycoon.

Such was not to be the case. All signs are that Cruyff's business empire is in financial jeopardy as the result of wheel-dealing by a business partner, Michel George Basilevic, whom he met shortly after signing with Barcelona. According to sources close to Cruyff, Basilevic enrolled his children in the same

private school the Cruyffs used, and when they were invited to a birthday party at the Cruyff residence, Basilevic sent along expensive presents, including a fashionable coat for Cruyff's wife, Danny. Basilevic impressed the Cruyffs further by treating them to cruises on a chartered yacht he palmed off as his own.

The plays worked. Cruyff's friends say. Falling for Basilevic's charm, Danny introduced him to friends as "the most gorgeous man in Spain." Basilevic soon convinced Cruyff that the managerial methods of his father-in-law, Cor Coster, an Amsterdam businessman, were too old-fashioned, and he got Cruyff to invest a large part of his fortune in a number of ventures, including a pig-breeding farm and a garden nursery that was to raise tropical plants for export to Saudi Arabia and other desert states. Cruyff gave Basilevic power of attorney and paid little attention to his partner's huge short-term bank loans calling for interest rates of 10% to 20%.

Six weeks ago, several Spanish banks sounded the alarm. One banker phoned father-in-law Coster in Amsterdam, and he jumped on the first plane to Barcelona to investigate. "Cruyff is ruined," he told the press. "He will have to go back to the soccer field to make money." Coster also accused Basilevic of mismanagement, blackmail and theft.

Basilevic struck back. He said Cruyff and Coster had taken a \$250,000 bribe from the president of the Barcelona club and that the two had illegally transferred millions of Spanish pesetas to an account (No. 200518) in the Union de Banque Suisse in Berne. "I kept 30 to 40 photocopies of various shadowy deals," Basilevic added. "I need 10 days to sort them out, but it will mean 10 years in jail for Johan and his father-in-law."

Cruyff and his father-in-law have instated suit against Basilevic, but exactly how much money Cruyff lost remains to be seen. Informed business sources in Spain are convinced it's in the millions, and that's not counting what Spanish au-

thorities will demand if Basilevic's story about illegal money transfers can be proved.

## BEN'S BIRDS

Besides being one of the PGA tour's best putters, Ben Crenshaw is the tour's only lifetime member of the National Audubon Society. As Crenshaw tells it, he became a birding golfer at about the same time he became a budding golfer. "When I was eight, my older brother Charlie killed a robin with a BB gun," he says. "That upset me so much I buried it in a shoe box in the backyard. Ever since then I've kept up the interest."

Crenshaw finds certain golf courses better suited for bird watching than others. He lists Sawgrass near Jacksonville, Fla. as a fine spot for viewing ospreys, and he likes Quail Hollow in Charlotte, N.C. for its eastern bluebirds and Silverado in Napa, Calif. for its acorn woodpeckers. Birds of prey hold a particular



fascination for Crenshaw, who finds it convenient that the Raptor Preservation Fund, a conservation organization and nature center for birds of prey, is located in Round Rock, Texas, just 17 miles north of his home in Austin. A few days before the Masters he spent several hours viewing the many hawks and eagles there.

Crenshaw departs of converting his playing partners to the pleasures of birding. He says ruefully, "Fuzzy Zoeller wasn't very interested in the black-

continued

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chirped hummingbird or the Wilson's snipe that were on the 6th hole when we were playing at La Costa. And last year at Muirfield Village, when I got all excited over seeing a scarlet tanager, Bruce Lietzke, Bill Rogers and Bobby Wadkins teased me a bit. But it gives me a lot of pleasure." Last week Crenshaw was in Italy but said, "I wish I could be home. Austin is in a flyway and the golden-cheeked warblers are coming through."

#### TO THE RESCUE

Striped-bass fishermen who have been concerned about the swift decline in the numbers of that fish along the Atlantic Coast in the past several years should give thanks to John N. Cole for his new book, *Stripper* (BOOKTALK, April 30). Senator John H. Chafee (R., R.I.), who read it, and Representative Gerry Studds (D., Mass.), who followed up. Alarmed by Cole's thesis that "the striped bass is being destroyed by the effects of toxic chemicals" in spawning rivers, Chafee held hearings this spring and introduced an amendment to the Anadromous Fish Conservation Act calling for a \$6.75 million study of striped bass for the next four years. Last week in the House, Studds persuaded the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee to adopt a similar amendment, even though a subcommittee had rejected it by voice vote the week before. Studds' amendment calls for a \$4.75 million study over three years, and the prospect now is that both houses are likely to approve their amendments and then iron out the differences in conference.

The study on striped bass can't come soon enough. Bob Pond, the Atom plug manufacturer who has spent a good deal of time and effort calling attention to the plight of the stripper, visited a Maryland hatchery run by anxious commercial fishermen last week, just before the House committee voted. "The eggs, which were taken from wild fish, were of poor quality, and most of them died," says Pond. "We saw only one batch of larvae that survived. They were listless, and many of them had broken backs and twisted tails."

#### PASTA PEOPLE

Fie on the International Tennis Federation, which last year banned the use of double-strung spaghetti rackets in tournament play. So says Gunter Harz of

Omaha, the former partner of Werner Fischer, the West German who invented double stringing. Harz is promoting a series of spaghetti-racket tournaments across the U.S., sponsored by such pasta *paisans* as San Giorgio, Prince, Skinner and American Beauty. This week's event will be in Philadelphia, and there will be 11 more for a total of 30, all of them leading to a \$10,000 "world championship" in Chicago next month, prize money courtesy of Ragù Spaghetti Sauce.

What's the sauce for Ragù is spumoni for Harz. He gets to publicize his own spaghetti-stringing kit that can convert any racket for \$25 or \$30. "Whereas the old, controversial racket that Fischer used was creating really weird shots," says Harz, "my system's main strings are controlled by some plastic cross strips that give the racket a whole, unified face. And my strings are a relief for anybody who has a bad tennis arm."

Harz is asking the players in his tournaments to fill out a questionnaire giving their opinion of the spaghetti racket, and he is thinking of using the sheaf of answers as "evidence" in a possible lawsuit. According to Harz, neither the ITF nor the USTA gave spaghetti rackets a fair test before the ban. Last week Harz attended a board meeting of the Omaha Tennis Association, and as a result the board voted to request that the Missouri Valley Tennis Association allow spaghetti rackets to be tested for a year in tournaments. "I suppose now the Missouri Valley Tennis Association will ask the USTA what to do," Harz says. "If the USTA approves, I won't sue. All I want is a fair test."

#### JOLE!

Since the death of Francisco Franco in 1975, the future of bullfighting in Spain has been the subject of intense conjecture. Under Franco, bullfighting was in the hands of a small group of powerful operators who winked at shoddy breeding and such practices as the shaving of horns. Consequently, many Spaniards lost their taste for the national spectacle, a reaction that might easily have become more common as post-Franco Spain underwent modernization. In an age of television, motorcycles and *la discoteca*, it is clearly an anachronism that a man should dress in a suit of lights and ceremonially slay a beast with a sword.

Yet growing numbers of Spaniards

apparently consider it an anachronism worth preserving. Bullfighting is an intrinsic part of Spanish culture as well as a major tourist attraction, and as Spain becomes more democratic, the power of the men who controlled the sport has been reduced and their abuses have been exposed. In the process, bullfighting has been enjoying something of a resurgence, a fact underscored by the lumps taken lately by Salvador Raich, founder of the Anti-Bullfight Campaign. Arguing that bullfighting is a "barbarous and ridiculous spectacle" that glorifies violence in a manner especially harmful to children, last September Raich persuaded authorities in Barcelona to invoke a seldom-enforced 49-year-old law prohibiting anyone under 14 from attending bullfights. Signs barring youngsters went up without warning one Sunday at Barcelona's bullring and 5,000 tickets had to be refunded. But promoters, *toreros* and tourists protested, and the ban was rescinded the following Sunday.

Since then, Raich has been in retreat, his precepts confined to an occasional TV appearance. Spanish newspapers have editorialized that bullfighting promotes such cherished Iberian virtues as grace and valor, and a Madrid psychiatrist, Dr. Pedro Corrons, has disputed Raich's views on the sport's effects on children. "In a bullfight, a man kills a monster through skill, thus, to some degree justifying the violence," said Corrons. "This violence is less harmful than what he might see on TV, where men attack one another with no such justification." Two weeks ago the Barcelona bullring opened for another season, and one official pointedly said, "Aficionados of all ages are welcome."

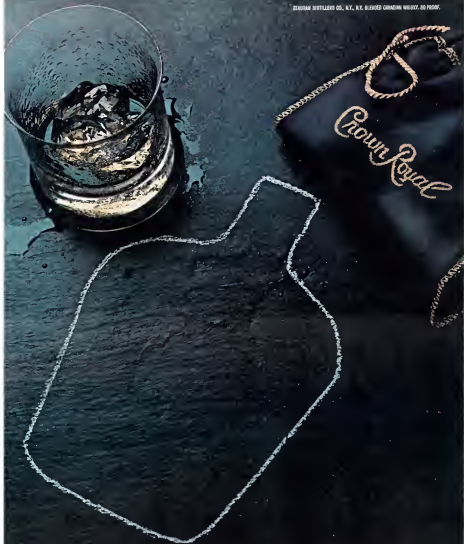
#### THEY SAID IT

- Jimmy Demaree, after goffing with Bob Hope: "Bob has a beautiful short game. Unfortunately, it's off the tee."
- Carol Ann Orem, queen of the 1979 Indianapolis 500 Festival, reminded by her Purdue sorority sisters that she would be expected to kiss the winner of the race: "I don't kiss on the first date. You know that. I'll just shake his hand."
- Representative Joseph Moakley (D., Mass.), after lunching at the White House with Boston Marathon winner Bill Rodgers: "It's good to have a guy running in my district that I don't have to worry about."

END



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**The butler did it.**

**Sports Illustrated**  
MAY 14, 1979

# A NEW BID



# FOR A TRIPLE



*Spectacular Bid and his 10-year-old jockey, Ronnie Franklin, confounded the critics with a come-from-behind win in the Kentucky Derby, triggering talk of yet another Triple Crown*

**by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

CONTINUED

There was still a mile to go in the 105th Kentucky Derby, but it was easy to see that something peculiar was happening in the world's most famous horse race. The position of the leader, General Assembly, made eminent sense because he had worked out over the Churchill Downs track in fine fashion only three days before. But the presence of the horses battling him for the lead was bewildering. Shamgo, a 102-to-1 shot who had not won a race in 1979, was running second and forcing the pace although he had been a come-from-behind horse heretofore. Flying Paster, the winner of both the Hollywood and Santa Anita Derbies, was an odd-looking third. Normally a horse with a beautiful stride, Flying Paster was struggling to get hold of the track and was having no luck whatsoever. The fourth horse was Lot O' Gold, dismissed by the crowd at 51 to 1. Spectacular Bid, the odds-on favorite, who had never been worse than fifth in any of his last 10 victories, was running seventh on a zigzag course that looked as if it would bring nothing but trouble.

By the time the field reached the head of the Churchill Downs stretch, normality had returned and the race was essentially over. Spectacular Bid and his much-maligned jockey, 19-year-old Ron Franklin, had taken the lead after a brief struggle and were moving out with no other opponent capable of launching a strong final run. At the finish Spectacular Bid had his 11th consecutive win, and again he had shown just how versatile he is. Obviously he is that very rare horse who can handle any track—and almost any adverse circumstance—anywhere; Churchill Downs was the ninth different track on which he has won.

And so Spectacular Bid appears to be on the threshold of becoming the third Triple Crown winner in three years and the fourth in the last seven. Next week he will run in the Preakness at Pimlico, where he may well draw the largest crowd ever to attend a sporting event in the state of Maryland. Spectacular Bid deserves that. Of all the tracks he has run on, he probably prefers Pimlico. It is the place where he and Ron Franklin first got together last June and started on their remarkable odyssey.

Spectacular Bid's winning Derby mar-

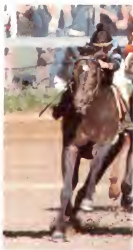
gin was 2½ lengths over General Assembly, a margin greater than those of the last three Triple Crown winners: Secretariat, (2½ in 1973), Seattle Slew (1½ in 1977), and Affirmed (1½ last year). Bid's time was 2:02½ for the 1¼ miles, less than spectacular when compared to Secretariat's record of 1:59½. But the difference may lie in the surface of the track. It was a lightning-fast one that Secretariat handled so masterfully seven years ago. Spectacular Bid had to make his own lightning. The Churchill Downs track condition had officially changed from good to fast during the afternoon, but the surface was cuppy. Such a track presents hazards to both horse and rider.

Two days before the race, Louisville was deluged by several rainstorms that eventually caused the track to "cup out," as the trainers say. A cuppy track vastly reduces traction; dirt gathers in the cup of a horse's hoof, and dangerous clods are thrown back. Some horses don't like such a track, and they react to it almost immediately.

The second and third choices in this year's Derby didn't care for the track at all. Gordon Campbell, the trainer of highly regarded Flying Paster, knew from the outset that his horse was in grave trouble. "When he started down the backstretch, I knew he didn't like it," Campbell said. "Flying Paster usually has a long, smooth stride. But in the Derby he looked like he was scrambling. Spectacular Bid ran a heck of a race. He's a

tough horse. But I'd still like to meet him on a track Flying Paster didn't have so much trouble running over."

More than half an hour after finishing fifth in the worst performance of his 15-race career, Flying Paster was still blowing hard in his stall. "He's never blowing even five minutes after a race," said Campbell. "The field ran the mile in only 1:37½. Flying Paster can do 1:34. He



Increasing his lead over General Assembly in the stretch, Bid went on to a 2½-length victory





*Accelerating on the outside as they turn for home, the winner colts (from left) Flying Paster, General Assembly, Shango and Golden Act*

made his move at Spectacular Bid turning for home, but he faded there. That's what happens when horses fight the race-track. They get tired quickly."

Screen King, the third favorite in the field of 10, didn't care for the track either, and came in a soundly beaten sixth. Luis Barrera, his trainer, knew his horse wasn't going to run well when the field came through the stretch in the first quarter-mile. "I knew he was going nowhere," Barrera said later. "He was jumping up and down like a goat. But I'll run against Spectacular Bid in the Preakness. My horse just doesn't like a track that cups like this one."

The buildup to this year's Derby centered on the first confrontation between Flying Paster and Spectacular Bid, skilled 42-year-old Don Pierce against young Franklin and Bid's slow run in the Blue Grass stakes nine days earlier. "If there's an edge in the race," Campbell said, "it should be the experience Don has. If my horse likes Churchill Downs, he'll run his race."

As the media hammered at the Pierce vs. Franklin angle, John Sellers, who rode favored Carry Back to victory in the 1961 Derby at the age of 24, gave some expert testimony on the subject of pressure. "That was my third Derby," he said. "The first two were on horses that didn't have much of a chance. The pressure

builds and builds because you have the favorite. As the day of Carry Back's Derby approached, I was beside myself. I felt that every rider in the jockeys' room was out to get me. Heck, I even thought the valets were out to get me. I got so paranoid I even thought the clerk of scales was out to get me. On the day of the race, the waiting drove me crazy. About half an hour before I went out to

ride Carry Back, I picked up a pool cue and shot some pool to see how jittery I really was. When I could sink the balls, I knew I'd be O.K., because my hands weren't shaking on the cue.

"With Ron Franklin, something will have to be done to get the pressure off him. Heck, when I won on Carry Back, I still had the feeling that the clerk of scales had been on me. I

*continued*

*Tam, Teresa and Harry Meyerhoff, Bid's happy owners, collect his 11th straight trophy.*



really let him have it after the race. He said, 'John, I haven't said more than a couple of words to you all week.' I cussed him out again. That's how tough things can get."

To lessen Franklin's jitters, Trainer Bud Delp helped him get a mount on a gelding named Seethreepoo in the race immediately preceding the Derby, the \$25,000 Twin Spires. Franklin got into a duel with Angel Cordero, the jockey

Delp and Franklin had criticized severely following Franklin's poor ride in the Florida Derby. But at the top of the stretch, Franklin's horse pulled away. A lot of the pressure might well have been removed in that race. When the Derby gate opened, Spectacular Bid appeared to dawdle before getting in gear. All the trouble that had been predicted for Franklin seemed about to crystallize. But as General Assembly, Shamgo, Flying

Paster and Lot O' Gold swept into the first turn, Franklin moved Spectacular Bid to the outside to be in the clear. Bye-bye, trouble, hello, roses.

When trouble struck, it was elsewhere. At the start a maiden named Great Redeemer ducked from the No. 2 post and slammed into Golden Act, the winner of the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies and the eventual third-place finisher on Saturday. "We got bumped a couple of times

## BLOODY MARYS, RED ROSES

by CLIVE GAMMON

In the whole joyful evening, there was only one small disappointment. "Any Bloosies?" asked Ronnie Franklin, rummaging around in the tack room refrigerator an hour after the race. "What did they do with the vodka? None for the jock, hey?"

There was champagne, it was pointed out. Ronnie said he didn't like the stuff. It was French champagne, he was told, Piper Heidsieck.

"Champagne gets me sick," Ronnie said rebelliously. A willing volunteer went off to fetch the ingredients for his preferred drink. Who at Churchill Downs last Saturday evening could have denied Ronnie Franklin anything? He had just won the Derby. Even more important, perhaps, in front of 128,488 witnesses he had just grown up as a jockey, magnificently confounding the critics who had poor-mouthed him ever since the Florida Derby, who had called Trainer Bud Delp crazy to keep such an inexperienced boy on the great Spectacular Bid.

In the winner's circle, Delp had bestowed the final accolade: "You're a pro, Ronnie." Gerald, the younger of the trainer's two sons, took it a little further in the barn. "He's a man now. He's class."

For all that, an hour after his victory Franklin still looked young and vulnerable, his face still red with exertion, his mouth gaping wide now and then with prodigious yawns. He had walked back around the track after his press conference, choosing not to ride as scheduled in the ninth race, the one after the Derby. Back at the barn, there was fun with Dick and Jane—Delp's brother and his wife—who picked Ronnie up and hugged him. How did he do in the ninth, Jane asked.

"I fell off," Ronnie said, deadpan.

"Oh, Ronnie, did you?" waited Jane. She was still clutching a red rose from Spectacular Bid's triumphal wreath. Light dawned on her. "You're kidding me," she said, laughing. Ronnie got another hug, and discovered the bad news about the vodka. For a moment or two he collapsed on the tack room

sofa. Then he yawned again, bounced up and went straight to the second stall.

"Hi, Big Dad," he crooned. "How you doin', Big Dad?" Bid looked round with mild curiosity as Moe Hall, his grocer, dabbed peroxide on a small cut above a hoof.

"Hey," said Moe to the jockey, "how'd you manage to knock that spot off him?" Ronnie just went on crooning. It was the sound of pure satisfied joy.

Not only joy in his triumph. In two days he would be going back to Maryland. "It'll be neat to go back again and win all the races. When we get home we'll find a lot to do," he had said earlier in the week. At times, through Spectacular Bid's winter campaigns in Florida, and later in Kentucky, the young jockey had been more than a little homesick. And ever since the Blue Grass, he had been living in two different worlds.

The first was a morning world out at Churchill Downs, which was often lashed

with rain. There he had to endure a media onslaught that grew more insistent each day, and he also had to do routine exercise work on horses much less spectacular than Bid. Some mornings he would ride out onto the muddy track, come back soaked and shivering after 20 minutes only to be corralled and asked how he was feeling. Politely, patiently, he tried to give the photographers and reporters what they wanted before diving into Delp's parked Lincoln and turning the heater on.

It was a world of pressure, of questions that might induce serious self-doubts in a Muhammad Ali or a Reggie Jackson, let alone a 19-year-old whose career prospects three years back might not have risen far above wiping down tables at the local McDonald's. Fortunately for him—and for Delp, too—another world waited when early-morning work was done.

That consisted of a house in the woods, less than half-an-hour's drive up the Ohio Valley from Churchill Downs but entirely remote from what Delp calls the Louisville Jungle. The house is approached by a country road that tunnels deep into green woodland, decorated with the white blossoms of dogwood.



On the day before the Derby, Franklin applied the Form. On Saturday everybody was watching him.

even after that," said Act's jockey, Sandy Hawley.

As for Flying Paster, Pierce said, "I went into the race with a lot of confidence, although I was concerned about the track. But if you have a good horse you have to run with him all over the country and have to take what comes. He's a lot better horse than he showed in the Derby."

General Assembly, a son of Secretar-

ist, ran an excellent race and will probably shoot at Bid again in the Preakness. "There are more than 30,000 foals every year," said Bert Firestone, the colt's owner. "It's no disgrace to have the second best. Spectacular Bid is very good. So is General Assembly. His day will come."

Great Redeemer's probably won't, he finished last, beaten by 47½ lengths. For a good part of the winter his owner, Dr. J. A. Mohamed, a San Antonio special-

ist in radiology, had taken ads in horse publications stating, "Spectacular Bid WILL NOT WIN any of the Spring Classics... Nor will General Assembly, Flying Paster or Terlingua." Mohamed suggested that for \$25 a year a fan could get the lowdown on racing from a newsletter he writes.

Give Mohamed the roses for check, but for the real lowdown, just watch Spectacular Bid's hoofs. **END**

The house is mellow brick, white-shuttered and porticoed.

Delp had long vowed that for the Derby he would seek a haven as far away from the track as he could. He had found it in this peaceful house, which he rented from a cousin of Dr. Alex Huerthel, Bid's veterinarian.

There could scarcely have been better therapy for both trainer and jockey, but as particular for Ronnie Franklin, who, ever since the Florida Derby, had been subjected to constant sniping in the press. He was too inexperienced, the pundits claimed, to be riding a horse of Bid's caliber. What they implied was that he was too stupid.

"The papers don't bug me," Ronnie said the day before the Derby. "I don't let all that stuff worry me. But it would bug me a lot more if I wasn't living here."

He was sitting in a tailored old robe, his hair still wet from the shower. It was 10 in the morning, and he had just got through what he hoped would be his last ordeal-by-media before the big race. "Hey look," he said, "isn't this a neat game?"

It was one of those electronic games. Colored segments light up in a fast, random sequence and the player has to repeat them in the same order. Ronnie had it switched to the most demanding skill level and he beat the machine every time. Stupid? How about inexperienced?

Franklin had answered the question squarely enough earlier that morning when he had come to the last TV hurdle before the Derby, the obligatory Howard Cosell interview. Cosell had brought up the inevitable question concerning Franklin's lack of experience compared with the wealth of it enjoyed by Flying Paster's jockey, 42-year-old Don Pierce. With unnerving logic, with a composure that few give him credit for, Ronnie replied. He had, had not, as much experience on Spectacular Bid as Pierce had aboard Flying Paster?

The composure had been evident earlier when Delp and Ronnie drove to the interview. First Ronnie, with some care, fixed his hair with the help of the rearview mirror. Then, impatient with the slow driver of the car ahead, a TV "road-runner" guiding them to the rendezvous with Cosell, Franklin

leaned across and honked the horn. Delp, who has a certain reverence for the media, was horrified.

"That's ABC," he said. "Idiot," Ronnie said bitterly. Delp slapped his arm. "Jerkwater!" he said.

The Delp family—and Ronnie can be included in that—has a distinct tendency in private to behave in as slapstick a style as those great cinematic clowns the Three Stooges. Bud, like Moe, is the one who dishes it out. The boys, Doug and Gerald, as well as Ronnie, infuse him by tuning the car radio to blaring rock music. "We like to bug him," Doug says.

Delp responds to this in kind. "It's maddening," he says. "I give them three warnings. Then I stop on the side of the road, I whack all three of them and then I drive on."

This is merely the trivia of life with the Delps, of course. But it indicates a warmth and unity; it adds meaning to something Delp said last week about the way in which Ronnie managed to rise above the carping in the press and on TV: "What's important to Ronnie is what we feel here at home. Outsiders don't matter." Franklin's skill and judgment as a rider had been called into question plenty of times since the Florida Derby fiasco. Not his courage, though, and not his determination.

"Listen," Doug added, "he's a strong kid. He's from Dundalk (a blue-collar section of Baltimore). He can take it. He can't dish it out too much, though, because he's too small."

Not too much, maybe, but some. A lot has been made of the physical intimidation Ronnie might have encountered in the Florida Derby. As difficult to handle, though, is verbal psyching in the jocks' room and in the paddock. At the Florida Derby, when the horses were being saddled, Darrel McHargue, prophetically as it turned out, yelled, "You sure you have enough room, Ronnie?"

Ronnie waited until the day of the Blue Grass at Keeneland last month for his revenge. Mystifyingly, McHargue turned up at Delp's barn at eight in the morning. Ronnie was there. "Good luck," said McHargue. "How's your colt?"

To Ronnie it seemed clear that McHargue

had only one motive in being at Keeneland that day to ride Smiley Adams' Lot O' Gold, and that was to try to show him up, to win the ride on Bid for himself. Otherwise he would have been at Hollywood Park with the chance of more profitable rides.

Later, in the jocks' room, after McHargue had won the unpromising fourth race, Franklin said slyly, "Congratulations, Darrel. Is that the one you came all the way out here to win?"

Not the most brilliant piece of repartee, but Delp crowed with laughter as Ronnie recounted the story in the house. "Who intimidated who? The Six Million Dollar Man had a short circuit," Delp said. Ronnie looked pleased with himself.

But all along last Friday, Franklin also was trying to put the big race out of his head, without apparent success. "I don't think about the Derby," he said. "I mean, I try not to think about it." He sipped ruminatively on a can of Coke, gave a little of it to Champ, Delp's Labrador pup. "Hey, it won't be Cokes tomorrow," he said suddenly. "It'll be Bloody Marys."

Now the win is history, even though the Bloody Mary forecast was wrong. But the party took place, sure enough, starting somewhat surrealistically with Bob Smith, Bid's exercise rider, in his elegant Derby three-piece pink suit, his rich brown tie secured with a diamond pin, leading the horse around the barn, and Bud Delp spewing prophetic doggerel, Al-fashon, about the Preakness: "He'll win by four and it could be more!"

And then, on a day when it seemed there couldn't be any more good news for Franklin, word came that Steve Cauthen, riding in his first classic race in England, the Two Thousand Guineas, had won on a 20-to-1 outsider called Tap On Wood.

"Where-hoo?" Ronnie shouted. He had thought a lot about Cauthen, he had confided earlier. If he could do it in last year's Derby, so could I, he had told himself.

In that case, then, would be like to ride in Europe like Cauthen? Ronnie Franklin didn't have to think long for his answer. "I just want to go back to Maryland and ride for Bud," he said simply.

There's a lot to be said for that, too. **END**

# THE YANKEES NOW SPELL RELIEF G-U-I-D-R-Y

Even around the Yankees, where the unexpected is expected, Ron Guidry's offer last week to go to the aid of New York's stricken bullpen was stunning. Owner George Steinbrenner, who often grouches about the selfishness of some of his players, was euphoric, saying, "For Guidry, the Cy Young winner, the guy who went 27-3 for us last year, to say, 'I want to go to the bullpen if it will help the club,' shows you what kind of class guy he is. First he's for the Yankees, second he's for Guidry. Would that every Yankee act like him."

So few have that, as startling as Guidry's decision was, it may have been even more surprising that no one could find a devious motive for it. Could it be that team spirit is rearing its noble head in the Bronx zoo?

Apparently so. "There are no reservations in my mind," said Guidry after it was announced that he'd drop out of the starting rotation. "I'm grateful that I had one real good season. I've had more than my share of glory and trophies, and what a lot of people forget is that I wouldn't have gotten any of them if it hadn't been for my teammates. Now I'll just pitch when they need me."

The idea of shifting to the bullpen first occurred to Guidry during the Yankees' horrible 2-6 West Coast swing that concluded last week with New York in fourth place in the American League East, four games behind division-leading Boston. "I didn't like sitting there and not being able to help," said Guidry. "I got to thinking about what I might do."

What he might do, of course, is save two or three games a week, rather than win one on his own. But when Guidry first asked Pitching Coach Tom Morgan about the move, he was turned down. Later he suggested that he relieve between starts, something Manager Bob Lemon did occasionally during his pitching days. "That can really screw you up," said Morgan. But toward the end of the week, as it became clear that the New York bullpen was reeling, the Yankee brass began to reconsider Guidry's offer.

Still, there must be something in it for Guidry, right? "Well, it might mean I'll throw 150 innings instead of 300," he said, "and that might add a year at the end of my career. And when I go in for one inning, the hitters will know I'm not

*With his team hurting because bullpen ace Rich Gossage is injured, the game's best starter offered to relieve—and promptly won* by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

holding anything back. So what's a batter going to think? I'll also be strong later in the year for starting again."

Guidry has been mildly bothered that while he earned his way to the big leagues in 1975 as a reliever, he was never a major league success at the job. On April 14 of this year Lemon called on Guidry at the end of a game against the Chicago White Sox; he faced one batter and got a game-saving double play. "I forgot how much fun that could be. I think I'll go back to the bullpen," Guidry said facetiously that day. Lemon ignored him then, but now says, "It's a really unselfish move on his part."

That Guidry is making such a dramatic change is evidence enough that things have gone sour for the defending world champions. Certainly the Yankee management seems to think so. Last Friday President Al Rosen blasted his team for complacency. The next day Steinbrenner summoned Lemon and the Yankee coaches to his office and tore into them for not maintaining tight discipline, a favorite Steinbrenner theme.

Perhaps lockadaisical play has been a factor in New York's shaky start; the Yanks had an 11-13 record as of Friday. More distressing has been New York's weak hitting—the team average of .254 is 13 points lower than it was for 1978. And worst of all has been the pitching.

Last year New York's staff was easily the best in baseball, with Guidry, Ed Figueroa (20-11) and Catfish Hunter (13-7). Then there was Reliever Rich Gossage, who made 68 appearances, saved 28 games and won 12.

The Yankees tried to improve on that powerful aggregation over the winter. They signed former Dodger ace Tommy John and ex-Red Sox mainstay Luis Tiant. So certain was New York of its pitching excellence that it traded former Cy Young-winning Reliever Sparky Lyle to Texas, mainly because they thought he wouldn't be needed. Another indication of Yankee pitching depth was that right-

hander Jim Beattie was sent to Triple A Columbus this spring, though Beattie had been a stalwart down the stretch in '78 and had won a game in the playoffs against Kansas City and another in the World Series against the Dodgers. The placid 24-year-old Beattie says, "I understood. I knew I hadn't gone from prospect to suspect."

Some of the other New York pitchers apparently have. Neither Tiant nor Hunter has won a game. Were it not for John, who is 6-0, and Guidry, who is only 3-2 despite a 2.40 ERA, the Yankees would be much further behind than they are. But the most significant of New York's pitching breakdowns was the result of an April 19 injury to Gossage. While roughhousing in the clubhouse with Catcher Cliff Johnson, the Goose ripped a ligament in the thumb on his pitching hand. He has undergone surgery and is not expected to play again until the middle of next month.

To their sorrow, the Yanks discovered that despite all their pitching riches, Gossage was irreplaceable. "We lost one heckuva asset," said Lemon, understating the case. By the time Guidry went to the bullpen, New York had played 13 games without the Goose, winning five and losing eight. Except for one victory in which John appeared in relief, the pitchers coming out of the bullpen had performed poorly. Three of those Yankee defeats came as the result of disastrous bullpen work of the following sort:

On April 29 in Seattle, John pitched well for 7½ innings before leaving the game, leading 5-3, but with the Mariners threatening. Paul Mirabella put down the trouble in the eighth but then cooked up some of his own in the ninth. Ron Davis, who had been brought up from Columbus to take Gossage's spot on the roster and has since been demoted, replaced Mirabella and threw one pitch, which Willie Horton ripped for a two-run double. Dick Tidrow, who was supposed to become the relief ace in Gos-



sage's stead, came in and delivered one pitch. It was hit for a game-winning single by Bruce Bochte.

While the Yankees kept getting shelled in the West, the big shots back East were contemplating what to do. What about that kid Beattie down in Columbus? All he had done since being exiled was go 4-0 while giving up only 17 hits and two earned runs and striking out 34 in 35 innings. Though Beattie had not worked in short relief since his senior season at Dartmouth, he readily acceded when the Yankees asked him to return to New York to labor in the bullpen. "Relief is my ticket back, but it's not my future," he said.

Within a few hours of arriving at Yankee Stadium Friday, Beattie was summoned to the mound by Lemon. The crowd, recalling Beattie's past achievements and hoping for future glories, cheered long and loud. But Beattie pitched terribly, getting only three Oakland hitters out and being charged with the loss as the A's rallied for an 11-5 win. Said Lemon when he trudged out to get Beattie, "Well, Jim, you got your feet wet, anyway."

Beattie's feet presumably were barely dry the next day when it was decided he would henceforth be a starter. For several days Steinbrenner had been privately speaking the unspeakable: How about Guidry as a reliever? Beattie was the fourth man to fail as Gossage's replacement, and Steinbrenner argued, "We've got to stabilize the bullpen. Besides, Beattie should be a starter." So should Guidry, of course. But desperate situations sometimes require unorthodox solutions.

And a solution is just what the Yankees seemed to have found by late Sunday afternoon. Guidry warmed up late in Saturday's game, but John held on against an 11-hit Oakland attack to pick up a 5-4 complete-game victory. Hunter was not as fortunate the next day, and Lemon pulled him in favor of Guidry with one out in the seventh inning, the A's Jeff Newman on third and the score tied 5-5. Working rapidly, Guidry got out of that jam, whiffing one batter and getting a second to pop up. He went on to pitch 3½ scoreless innings, allowing two hits and striking out five, before Jim Spencer's 10th-inning single drove in Brian Doyle with the Yankees' winning run. New York was at .500 again because they had an ace—make that, the ace—in the bullpen.

END



After warming up quickly in the pen Sunday, Guidry replaced Hunter and went 3½ scoreless innings

# N.Y. VS. N.Y.: IT'S ALL-OUT WARFARE

*The balance in the battle for New York hockey supremacy tipped toward the upstart Rangers as they all but shut out the Islanders' Big Four while taking a three-games-to-two lead in their Stanley Cup semifinal showdown* **by E. M. SWIFT**

**T**he Rangers had just scored a stunning 4-3 victory over the Islanders to take a three-games-to-two lead in their all-New York war to gain the Stanley Cup finals, and now, as midnight approached on Long Island last Saturday, Phil Esposito was pointing in the direction of Ranger Coach Fred (The Fog) Shero and saying, "I can understand how Philadelphia beat Boston that year."

"That year" was 1974, when Shero's Flyers defeated the Big Bad Bruins of Esposito and Orr to win the first of their two Stanley Cups. Esposito, who is 37 and well battered but still plays wonderful hockey, can better understand that upset these days, because Shero is now his coach and the spirited Rangers were creating the heavily favored Islanders, who had the NHL's best record this season, with much the same disdain that the Flyers showed the Bruins in 1974.

Executing a disciplined style of play rarely seen during the regular schedule—they finished a whopping 25 points, or 12½ games, behind the Islanders in the Patrick Division—the Rangers had their suburban rivals wondering what had hit them. Goalenders Chico Resch and Billy Smith aside, the Islanders this season were essentially a team of four players—Defenseman Denis Potvin and the Trio Grande line of NHL scoring champion Bryan Trottier centering for 69-goal-scorer Mike Bossy and Left Wing Clark Gillies. Realizing this, Shero and Assistant Coach Mike Nykoluk (see box, page 33) shrewdly implemented tactics that made the Islanders' Big Four seem like no-shows most of the time.

Potvin did win Game 2 for the Islanders with a deflected goal in overtime, but in each game the Rangers harassed Potvin so mercilessly with aggressive forechecking that he was unable to embark on any of his spectacular end-to-end rushes. Shero had the Rangers employ the same strategy against Potvin that the Flyers had used so successfully against Bobby Orr in 1974; that is, they threw the puck into Potvin's corner and made him handle it time after time. Then the Ranger forecheckers arrived and forced

Potvin to pass to a teammate. However, instead of peeling off Potvin and following the puck, one forechecker always stayed with him.

"They are staring right into my eyes even after I give up the puck," said the perplexed Potvin.

"The whole idea is to get yourself in a

position where Potvin cannot create a give-and-go situation, which he's famous for," said Ranger Steve Vickers.

As for the Trio Grande, Trottier, who had 47 goals and 87 assists during the regular season, scored the Islanders' only goal in their 4-1 loss in Game 1 but then was shut off by centers Walt Tkaczuk and



Exposito, both of whom utilized a no-holds-barred technique. Bossy not only failed to score a goal or even an assist, but he also was able to get off a total of just six shots against Ranger Goltender John Davidson. Forwards Pat Hickey and Vickers easily blunted Bossy's firepower by staying between Bossy and Davidson whenever the puck was in the Ranger zone, and also by body-checking Bossy at every opportunity. Gillies, a reputed muscleman in the corners, missed more Rangers than he hit. Total output

for the *Trio Grande*: one goal and one assist in five games.

The Islanders' Big Four was at its worst on the power play. In 80 regular-season games, the Islanders led the NHL with 81 power-play goals, including a league-high 27 by Bossy. However, they were 0 for 19 on their power play against the Rangers, and on Saturday night looked so inept, so tentative, that when one Ranger was called for a penalty, Islander fans yelled, "Decline it."

Still, the Islanders were alive, if not

well, as the clock wound down on Game 5. They had tied the series at two games apiece on Bob Nystrom's overtime goal Thursday night in Madison Square Garden, and they tied Saturday's game at 2-2 on Mike Kaszycki's goal at 4:20 of the third period—a goal that Davidson swears never entered the net. Breaking over the blue line, Kaszycki fired a slap shot that deflected off Defenseman Carol Vadnais' ankle and then floated goalward like a knuckleball. Davidson fell backward when the puck changed direc-

*continued*

*Center Phil Exposito (77) has been both an irresistible force and an immovable object for the feisty Rangers. His goal beat the Islanders in Game 3.*





Rookie Wing Don Melrose (12), an indelible batter, scored both Ranger goals in Game 4



Esposito and the other Rangers haven't tied up Islander Bryan Trottier (19) by observing the natives.

tion, then watched as the puck hit the post over his head and dropped onto his blocking glove.

"It didn't go in," Davidson says. "I'm positive. I watched it." Nonetheless, the goal judge—a neutral official from Buffalo—ruled that the puck broke the plane of the goal line while in the air.

At 9:04 the Rangers regained the lead 3-2 when Esposito passed into the slot to Defenseman Ron Greschner, who beat Smith with a low shot to the stick side. That edge held up for all of 29 seconds as Nystrom—doing his Bossy imitation—whipped a turnaround forehand through Davidson to make it 3-3. Suddenly play became wide open as both teams passed spectacularly and forced Davidson and Smith to make fine saves.

With slightly more than two minutes to play, Anders Hedberg, the Rangers' \$600,000-a-year Swedish import, suddenly found himself with the puck during a scramble in front of the Islander goal. He hesitated until Smith was down, then flipped a backhand into the net for the winning score. "I looked up at the clock," Hedberg said, "and thought, 'I hope this is the winner. I do not want to play another overtime.'"

Small wonder. The Rangers had lost the second and fourth games to the Islanders in sudden death. In fact, they were 8-0 in regulation time during the playoffs but 0-3 in O.T.

All week long the cosmopolitan, sophisticated Big Apple—the city that had yawned through the NHL-Soviet Challenge Cup, the "Series of the Century"—was foaming at the very mention of hockey. Scalpers were getting \$250 for a single \$22 ticket for the Rangers-Islanders semifinal and talking of a \$500 ticket for the Cup finals. A furor of sorts arose over the refusal of the teams to televise the games except to cable subscribers; and as many as 4,000 people paid their way into the Garden's adjoining Felt Forum to see the games on closed circuit.

Ranger fans could be forgiven their exuberance. Hard times, of course, are the norm, the team having been to the Stanley Cup finals only twice since 1940—the last year it won the Cup. And it was the Islanders themselves who precipitated the Rangers' most recent fall from grace, J. P. Parise ousting the Rangers from the 1975 playoffs with the quickest overtime goal in history—11 seconds—after intercepting a Vickers pass.

The truth of the matter was, no one

continued

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# PHOENIX

# NEW



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Who'd believe a car this trim could be this roomy...or one this efficient could be this much fun to drive! The all-new 1980 Pontiac Phoenix, designed from the ground up, is here. With front-drive traction to pull you around corners and into parking spaces with ease. Rack and pinion steering to respond quickly. And MacPherson strut front suspension to help give a smooth ride. All this contributes to an improved power-to-weight ratio and better gas mileage than last year. EPA estimated **24** MPG on a highway estimate of 37 with the 2.5 litre 4-cyl. engine and manual trans. Remember: Compare the estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. Mileage slightly lower in California.

# FUNCTION



## 1980 PONTIAC PHOENIX HATCHBACK

This new five-door Phoenix Hatchback is fun, too. But what a great opportunity to show you how functional these new cars really are.

Take design, for example. Behind the sweep of those handsome Hatchback contours are hours and hours of wind tunnel tests to help minimize aerodynamic drag. And inside, there is an exciting combination of space efficiency and comfort. Like plush full-width or available bucket seats that move forward and back as much as on any domestic car. A very exclusive new Phoenix instrument panel. And impressive new sound insulation.



And look at that cargo space. Fold down the rear seat and you've got a Hatchback that can stow two 10-speed bicycles in their carts, and still have room for more. That's 40.9 cubic feet of cargo space...with excellent access, too. Not everybody's hatch door opens this big, but Phoenix Hatchback's does.

And speaking of access, all Phoenix instrument panel components and the air conditioning/heater core are easily accessible for servicing.

Any way you look at it, Phoenix Hatchback is one terrific way to get the functionality you need, Pontiac style. Buy or lease one soon.

# FUN



## 1980 PONTIAC PHOENIX COUPE

There's a bit of the rogue, a slight forward thrust to the contours, that makes this new Phoenix Coupe fun even to look at. Accented by large rectangular headlamps. Integrated body-color bumpers. And a dashing application of chrome. But the real fun starts inside. With room for you and four friends to revel in, thanks to ingenious computer-assisted designing and a new transverse-mounted engine. You'll also find some very stylish full-width seats, a deluxe cushion steering wheel and dense pile carpeting to further delight you. About the only thing more fun than looking at this new Phoenix Coupe is driving it. So why don't you?

# FACTS & FIGURES

## MODELS

- PHOENIX COUPE
- PHOENIX 5-DOOR HATCHBACK
- PHOENIX LJ COUPE
- PHOENIX LJ 5-DOOR HATCHBACK

## STANDARD EQUIPMENT

### Phoenix Exterior

- Single Rectangular Headlamps
- Body-color, Soft-face Front and Rear Bumpers
- Bright Bumper Strips
- Wheel Opening Moldings (acc. Coupe)
- Bright Window Moldings
- Text Lamp with Bright Bezel

### Phoenix Interior

- Full-width Front Seat with Extra-long Fore-and-aft Travel
- Color-keyed Deluxe Cushion Steering Wheel
- Simulated Brushed Aluminum Instrument Panel Trim Plate
- Delco AM Radio
- Wash/Wipe/Dimmer Controls in Turn Signal Switch
- Cigar Lighter
- Front and Rear Ash Trays
- Front and Rear Door Armrests
- Nylon-blend Color-key Carpeting
- High/Low-level Body Ventilation
- Color-keyed Instrument Panel
- Self-dimming Sliding Door Locks
- Glow Box Lock
- Single Buckle Seat and Shoulder Belt System
- Front and Rear Door Door-Lamp Switches
- Fold-down Rear Seat (Hatchback only)
- Fully Trimmed Side Wall and Carpeted Floor
- Cargo Area of 5 Space Hatchback
- Flat Truck Floor with Concealed Compact Spare and Jack
- Inside Hood Release

### In Addition to or Replacing Phoenix Exterior Features, Phoenix LJ Includes:

- Stand-up "Phoenix" Hood Ornament
- Hood Winddeflector Molding
- Roof Strip Moldings
- Rear Deck Lock Cover
- Bright Wide Rocker Panel Moldings
- Deluxe Wheel Covers
- Body-color Sport Mirrors
- Wheel Opening Moldings and Brushed Pillar Applique
- Accent Strips

### In Addition to or Replacing Phoenix Interior Features, Phoenix LJ Includes:

- Hatchback Front Seat with Center Armrest
- Newer Carpets Door Trim
- Color-keyed Luxury Cushion Steering Wheel
- Dual Mirrors
- Additional Acoustical Insulation
- Removable Cargo Cover (Hatchback only)

### 1980 PHOENIX SJ OPTION (V6) CONTENT—COUPE AND 5-DOOR HATCHBACK

- Black Painted Grilles and Windamp Bumpers
- Black Painted Side Window Frames
- Bright Roof Door Moldings
- Vinyl Bucket Seats
- Rally "RTS" Suspension (Req. Power Steering) Including:
  - Larger Front Stabilizer Bars
  - P205/70R13 Radial Tires
  - Specific Shocks, Springs, Bushings

- Black Door Handle Accents
- Rally Wheels
- Body-colored Sport Mirrors
- Dual Hoses
- Black Windshield and Backline Moldings
- Additional Acoustical Insulation
- Black Accented Tail Lamp Bezels
- Wheel Opening Moldings
- Black Rocker Panel Moldings
- Accent Color on Lower Body
- Accent Color on Bumpers
- Black Bumper Strips
- Phoenix SJ Identification
- Tape Accent Strips, Lower Body

## CHASSIS FEATURES

- Radial Tires with Fixed Tuned Suspension with Front and Rear Stabilizer Bars and Maintenance-free Wheel Bearings

## STANDARD TIRES

- P185/60R13 Black, Fiberglass-bead Radial (N.A. SJ Option)
- Compact Spare

## AVAILABLE TIRES

- P185/60R13 White Fiberglass-bead Radial (N.A. SJ Option)
- P185/60R13 White Steel-bead Radial (N.A. SJ Option)
- P205/70R13 Black Steel-bead Radial\* (Included with SJ Option, N.A. LJ)
- P205/70R13 White Steel-bead Radial\* (N.A. LJ)
- P205/70R13 White-tempered Steel-bead Radial\* (N.A. LJ)

\*With Rally RTS Suspension (Req. Power Steering)

## STANDARD STEERING

- Manual Rack-and-pinion

## STANDARD BRAKES

- Manual, Front Disc (w/Low Drag Steering) Rear Drum

## POPULAR EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE

- Air Conditioning, Custom (Req. Power Brakes and Power Steering)
- Antenna, Power AM/FM/CB Tx Band, Automatic
- Bumper Guards, Front and Rear
- Clock, Electric
- Console, Floor (Req. Bucket Seats and Automatic Trans. Shift on Column)
- Cruise Control (Req. Auto Trans., Power Brakes)
- Defroster, Electric Rear Window
- Gages, Rally, w/Tach & Clock
- Gages, Rally & Clock
- Glass, All Windows Soft Ray
- Additional Acoustical Insulation, (Std. LJ, SJ Option & Luxury Trim)
- Lamp Group

- Maxon, L.H. Remote Control, Chime (N.A. LJ or w/SJ Option)
- Mirrors, Sport, L.H. Remote, R.H. Convex Manual (Std. LJ & w/SJ Option, Req. w/Specific Two-door)
- Mirrors, Sport, L.H. Remote, R.H. Remote Convex
- Power Disc Brakes, Front (Req. w/LH, V6, Auto Trans. or Cruise Control)
- Power Steering (Req. w/LH or V6 w/Auto Trans.)
- Power Windows
- Radio, AM/FM Stereo w/40 Channel CB (Req. Removable Cargo Cover or Luggage/Cargo Area on Hatchback Only)
- Tire Steering Wheel
- Sunroof, Removable (N.A. w/Luggage Carrier)
- Trailer Group, Light (w/Ratio Trans. & V6 only)
- Windshield Wipers, Controlled cycle

**A WORD ABOUT ENGINES:** These Pontiacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

## POWERTRAINS

Engine*	Cyl.	Trans.	Dist.
**2.5 liter (155 CID)	4	Std. Man	From 2.71
18.7 in. (159 in.)		Auto.	From 2.52
2.5 liter (155 CID)	4	Std. Man	From 2.71
18.7 in. (159 in.)		Auto.	From 2.53
2.8 liter (173 CID)	4	Std. Man	From 2.71
19.2 in. (161 in.)		Auto.	From 2.84
2.8 liter (173 CID)	4	Std. Man	From 2.71
19.2 in. (161 in.)		Auto.	From 2.84
2.8 liter (173 CID)	4	Auto.	From 2.84
19.2 in. (161 in.)		Auto.	From 2.84

\*Pontiacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions: C—Corvette; F—Fiero.

\*\*Base Pontiacs are 1500cc (91 cu in.) 4-cylinder engines.

## DIMENSIONS

	COUPE	5-DR. HATCHBACK
	Min. (in.)	Min. (in.)
1 Overall length	4628 (182.1)	4555 (179.3)
2 Overall width	1754 (69.0)	1768 (69.6)
3 Wheelbase	1084 (42.7)	1084 (42.7)
4 Track, front/rear	1462/1447 (57.5/57.0)	1462/1447 (57.5/57.0)
5 Head room, front/rear	874/857 (34.3/33.7)	874/862 (34.3/33.7)
6 Leg room, front/rear	1007/978 (39.7/38.8)	1007/981 (39.7/38.9)
7 Shoulder room, front/rear	1425/1416 (56.1/55.7)	1426/1416 (56.1/55.7)
8 Hip room, front/rear	1384/1356 (54.5/53.5)	1384/1376 (54.5/53.8)
9 Max. cargo/load cap. (1000 lbs. 1)	257.8 (117.0)	115.0 (52.0)

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4509 Steve Garvey  
4510 Mike Schmidt  
4511 Gary Carter  
4512 George Foster  
4513 Greg Lumpe  
4514 Dave Pileggi  
4515 Jeff Burdick  
4516 Tom Seaver  
4517 Bruce Sutter  
4518 Mike Mulvey  
4519 Frank Tanana  
4520 Joe Morgan  
4521 George Brett  
4522 Pete Rose  
4523 Johnny Bench  
4524 Gary Majors  
4525 Craig Mather  
4526 Jim Rice  
4527 Lee Rysinger  
4528 Ken Herr

**BASKETBALL**  
4529 Julius Erving  
4530 Bill Walton  
4531 Doug Collins  
4532 Pete Maravich  
4533 Oscar Robertson  
4534 Arnie Carr  
4535 Moses Malone  
4536 Kevin McHale  
4537 David Thompson  
4538 Bob Lanier  
4539 Adrian Dantley  
4540 Austin Carr  
4541 Rudy Moles  
4542 Elvin Hayes  
4543 Jamaal Wilkes  
4544 Calvin Murphy  
4545 George Gervin  
4546 Lucius Allen  
4547 Superstar All-Stars  
4548 Maurice Lucas  
4549 Marvin Webster  
4550 Mervyn Dymally  
4551 Bernard King  
4552 Michael Thompson  
4553 Phil Ford  
4554 Paul Westphal  
4555 John Drew

**SOCCER**  
4556 Gerd Giering

**FOOTBALL**  
4557 Eric Burdick  
4558 Jim Zorn  
4559 Steve Bartkowski  
4560 Dan Fouts  
4561 Tom Jaworski  
4562 Wesley Wooten  
4563 Craig Morton  
4564 Kyle Rote  
4565 Dan Dierdorf  
4566 Jim Nance  
4567 Earl Campbell  
4568 Harvey Martin  
4569 Ray Guy  
4570 Paul Hornen  
4571 Tony Dorsett  
4572 Earl Frazier  
4573 Roger Staubach  
4574 Chuck Nance  
4575 Walter Payton  
4576 Bob Griese  
4577 Franco Harris  
4578 Ken Anderson  
4579 Greg Pruitt  
4580 Ollie Matson  
4581 Lawrence McCutcheon  
4582 Brock Youngblood  
4583 Steve Grogan  
4584 Bert Jones  
4585 Dave Cooper  
4586 Terry Bradshaw

**GOLF**  
4587 Hale Irwin  
4588 Larry Rye  
4589 Jack Nicklaus  
4590 Tom Simpson  
4591 Nancy Lopez

**THINGS**  
4592 Jimmy Connors  
4593 Bill Borg  
4594 The Roadies  
4595 Lynne Grogan  
4596 Rose Cohen  
4597 Mike Gagliardi  
4598 Billie Jean King  
4599 Guillermo Vilas  
4600 Niki Pietrangeli  
4601 John McEnroe  
4602 Martina Navratilova

**WRESTLING**  
4603 Wayne Gault  
4604 Hulk Hogan  
4605 Ric Flair  
4606 André the Giant  
4607 Rocky Johnson  
4608 Harley Race  
4609 Gene Anderson  
4610 The Iron Sheik  
4611 The Road Warriors  
4612 The Samoan Swat Team  
4613 The Black and White  
4614 The Blue Blasters  
4615 The Black Demons  
4616 The Black Demons II  
4617 The Black Demons III  
4618 The Black Demons IV  
4619 The Black Demons V  
4620 The Black Demons VI  
4621 The Black Demons VII  
4622 The Black Demons VIII  
4623 The Black Demons IX  
4624 The Black Demons X  
4625 The Black Demons XI  
4626 The Black Demons XII  
4627 The Black Demons XIII  
4628 The Black Demons XIV  
4629 The Black Demons XV  
4630 The Black Demons XVI  
4631 The Black Demons XVII  
4632 The Black Demons XVIII  
4633 The Black Demons XIX  
4634 The Black Demons XX  
4635 The Black Demons XXI  
4636 The Black Demons XXII  
4637 The Black Demons XXIII  
4638 The Black Demons XXIV  
4639 The Black Demons XXV  
4640 The Black Demons XXVI  
4641 The Black Demons XXVII  
4642 The Black Demons XXVIII  
4643 The Black Demons XXIX  
4644 The Black Demons XXX

**ENCOUNTERS**  
4645 Chrome Bumblebee  
4646 Harley Hogan

**U.S. SOCCER**  
4647 Andy Fisher  
4648 Vin Mazzanti  
4649 Cheri Cooper  
4650 Walter Mazzanti

**HAND GAMES**  
4651 Countdown Drawing

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**Ray-Ban**  
BY BAUSCH & LOMB



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could remember ever seeing so much interest in hockey in New York, and starry-eyed talk about a network television contract began to be heard. Said Islander General Manager Bill Torrey, "It reminds me of a Toronto-Montreal semifinal or final, where hockey's the only thing on people's minds."

What was on Torrey's mind most of the time, though, was his team's mental state. Each day the New York papers portrayed the Islanders as tight, nervous, dry of mouth, while the Rangers came off as blithe spirits who played golf when they weren't on the ice. "We're a happy bunch," Shero said dourly.

"Some of my guys are pressing," said Torrey of his Islanders. "They read in the papers how our team is tight, and they think I'm not tight. I'd better get tight." So they do.

Said Islander Coach Al Arbour, "Our guys have had fun all year. A lot of this is being created by the media. The thing is, the players can't believe that junk. They've got to believe in themselves."

Still, every team has a distinctive character, and Arbour admits that the Islanders have been "force-fed on winning." Poivin describes the team as "serious." Resch, one of the few Islanders who likes to express his insights, said, "Naturally, by Newton's Law of Tightivity, we're going to be tighter than the Rangers. We're expected to win and they're not. But if it's handled right, being tight can be an advantage—the same as being loose can. The Canadiens are always tighter in out-wild appearance than the teams they play this time of year."

Before Game 3 on Tuesday night at the Garden, Resch was more concerned with the style of play the Islanders were using. "You have to change your style of play during the playoffs," Resch said. "It becomes more of a physical game, with less finesse. It's tighter checking. If we can't blow the Rangers out, and we haven't, we'll have to grind them out. We didn't think they were going to be as tough as they are in the corners."

Indeed, the Rangers, who over the years have been pushovers for the NHL's musclemen, not only were tough in the corners but they also initiated most of the collisions. "One thing we learned in our series against the Flyers," said Defenseman Dave Maloney, "was that if you're going to make a play, you've got to take your bump."

Esposito took about a dozen bumps.

continued

## THE BEHIND-THE-SCENES COACH

Mike Nykoluk, the assistant coach of the Rangers, chewed vigorously on a large, unlit cigar as he studied an instant replay of a sliding save made by Islander Goaltender Chico Resch on a shot by Pat Hickey. Nykoluk muttered to himself, then jotted a reminder on a small sheet of paper: "Can't go for deke."

From his habitual perch high above the action, Nykoluk observes the fine and not-so-fine points of play on the ice as well as on a TV screen, then between periods he hustles down to the dressing room to share his findings with Coach Fred Shero and the Ranger players. "Many times, what I see from upstairs will determine our strategy for the next period," says Nykoluk.

A genial, paunchy man of 44 whom Shero introduces as "the coach of the Rangers," Nykoluk has been a big factor in their success this season. "Fred is great behind the bench," says Defenseman Dave Maloney, "but Mike is always busy behind the scenes." Indeed, Nykoluk not only reports games from on high, but he also runs practices, names starting lineups, presents between-period chalk-talks ("I don't teach anything new, it's just reviewing strategy"), plays Dear Abby for those Rangers troubled by personal problems and serves as a link between the players and the aloof Shero.

Nykoluk's suggestions to Shero are usually adopted posthaste. "Fred and I think alike," he says. "Together we go over exactly what we plan to do." Nykoluk then implements the game plans, while Shero stands aside.

"Fred allows Mike to do most of the coaching," says Center Phil Esposito. "Mike's an intelligent hockey man but, more important, he knows how to handle players as people." Adds the 22-year-old Maloney, "You've got to give Shero credit for realizing that he hasn't got the personality to deal with his personnel on an individual level. Mike can relate to us."

Because of Shero's shortcomings as a communicator, the Rangers stubbornly refused to hire him as head coach during the 1960s even though he regularly coached their top minor league farm teams to championships. Tired of waiting for a call from New York, in 1971 Shero accepted an offer to coach the Philadelphia Flyers. Ever the innovator, Shero persuaded the Flyers to hire Nykoluk as the NHL's first full-time assistant following the 1971-72 season.

"Fred and I knew each other during the 1950s when we played for the old Winnipeg Warriors," says Nykoluk. "We met again when he was coaching Buffalo and I was playing for Hershey in the American Hockey League." Nykoluk, a center noted for his play-making and defensive skills, was a minor leg-

end in Hershey by the time he retired in 1972 after 14 seasons with the Bears. The team then retired his No. 8.

The Shero-Nykoluk tandem coached Philadelphia to four straight first-place divisional finishes and two Stanley Cups. In 1977, the Flyers management, unhappy about the team's quick exit from the playoffs, reassigned Nykoluk to the post of Director of Player Development and sent him off to work with the young Maine Mariners.

"They called it a promotion," Nykoluk grunts, "but it was just a fancy title." When Shero skipped out on his Philadelphia contract last summer and signed with the Rangers, Nykoluk happily rejoined his mentor as assistant coach.

But is he really "assisting"? "Fred does call me coach, probably because I'm closer to the players," says Nykoluk, who may well become the head coach next season if Shero decides to concentrate full-time on his general manager's duties. "But I'm not looking forward to that now," Nykoluk says. The biggest difference between Shero and Nykoluk, the assistant jokes, is that Shero knows players by their last names, Nykoluk by their first names.

"Mike wants us to express our opinions, even if they aren't popular," says Esposito, who has never been known to suppress one. "Last year you could make suggestions, but nobody listened. Now if you say practice is boring, Mike takes action." Easygoing and approachable, Nykoluk has also named six "captains," including Esposito, with whom he meets regularly. "It's an informal way of keeping tabs on everybody," Nykoluk says. "We keep people talking to find out what, if anything, bothers them." This open-door policy has helped generate a loose, one-for-all atmosphere on the Rangers, a climate notoriously absent in the past.

Is it Shero Mystique or Nykoluk Technique that brought the Rangers so far this season? Are those 30-second skating shifts the Rangers employed against the Islanders a Shero strategy or a Nykoluk play?

"We work together," Nykoluk says firmly. "We think alike. Of course, Fred is simply a hockey genius. After the first period of our opening playoff game in Philadelphia, I was wondering how we could hang on to our lead. But Fred said, 'Think about bringing up Bobby Sheehan. We're going to need more speed.' Here I am worrying about that night's game, that next 20 minutes, and he's already seeing the overall picture, finding new ways to make it all click."

With Shero plotting and analyzing future Ranger moves, Nykoluk's current chores are streamlined. All he has to do is coach and communicate.

—KATHY BLUMENSTOCK



"That's for my Chivas Regal."

N.Y. VS. N.Y. continued

in fact, as he scored the winning goal in the Rangers' 3-1 victory in that third game. The Islanders had tied the score 1-1 on a goal by Bob Bourne, and they seemed to be taking command when the puck rolled harmlessly into the corner to the left of Goulie Resch. Potvin, thinking the whistle would blow because the puck was tied up in the skates of several players, relaxed momentarily, and suddenly the puck skattered loose.

Esposito immediately planted his immovable frame at Resch's doorstep. Two Islanders tried to blast Esposito away, but they couldn't budge him. Then Don Murdoch got the puck to Esposito, and the oldest Ranger poked it under Resch.

"I'll go on record right now as saying that the Rangers' crop of forwards is better at putting the puck in the net than Montreal's," said Resch. "The Rangers are a very explosive team."

What Resch left unsaid, though, was that the Islanders, unlike the Rangers, were permitting the opposition forwards to set up light housekeeping in front of the goal without any fear of physical reprisal. "Bossy gets creamed every time he gets near the net, but their guys don't even get touched," moaned one Islander. "It's really sickening to see."

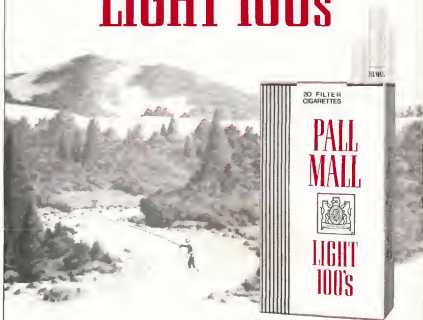
The Islanders finally displayed some muscle in Game 4, but the Rangers didn't back down an inch. Don Maloney, Dave's 20-year-old brother, scored twice for the Rangers, but John Tonelli and Billy Harris countered for the Islanders, and the game went into overtime. In the fourth minute the Rangers were caught on a line change, and suddenly there were Nystrom and Davidson converging on the puck from opposite directions. Davidson dived for the puck about halfway between his goal and the blue line, reaching it just before Nystrom's stick. Nystrom and Davidson collided, and somehow Nystrom emerged upright 10 feet in front of the vacant goal. Meanwhile, the puck shot upward and fell flat at Nystrom's feet, and he slid it into the net.

"Waiting for it to come down was the longest moment of my life," said Nystrom. "I wanted to call fair catch." Refusing to second-guess himself for coming out of the net but not gaining control of the puck, Davidson said, "What bothered me was what the puck did, flying straight up like that. It didn't make any sense."

It made wonderful theater, though, as did the whole slam-bang series. **END**

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The three finest high hurdlers in the world—if you ignore Thomas Munkelt of East Germany, who was not in Los Angeles last week—peeled off their warmups and dumped them in unsightly piles alongside UCLA's recently resurfaced Tartan track. With studied casualness, each sought out his assigned starting blocks, checked them to see that they were properly secured, and then settled in, coiled, compressed.

Renaldo Nehemiah, the 20-year-old

moment. Then he said, "He still talks too much." But he smiled.

For the Cuban track and field contingent—eight athletes, plus four officials—the trip to L.A. for the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational, which was organized by Al Franken, was a historic moment. No Cuban track athletes had competed in the U.S. since Fidel Castro took over in 1959. "We are happy they invited us, and we are happy to be here," said Juantorena, the double gold-medal winner at Mon-

## CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR

Alberto Juantorena and his band of fellow Cubans came out smoking in the UCLA meet, but Americans beat them to the tape every time

by PAT PUTNAM

world-record holder from the University of Maryland, was in the third lane. At 6' 1" and 170 pounds he has the lines of a greyhound, and runs with a form so fluid, so textbook perfect, it is said he has nothing left to improve, which annoys him. He was the favorite.

In Lane 4, to the immediate left of Nehemiah, was Greg Foster, a UCLA junior. He is tall and broad (6' 3", 180), not graceful, just swift and strong. He does not hurdle the barriers, he attacks them. Last year he crashed into four hurdles and still ran a 13.22 for the 110-meter event, then an American record.

In Lane 5 was Alejandro Casañas, who is slightly taller than Nehemiah but just as lean. A 25-year-old Cuban majoring in economics at the University of Havana, Casañas held the world record (13.21) until Nehemiah lowered it to 13.16 on April 14. He wanted the record back.

"Nehemiah talks too much," Casañas whispered to an American journalist shortly after the Cuban team led by Olympic hero Alberto Juantorena arrived in Los Angeles last Thursday.

"Not so," the journalist said. "He's just a very nice outgoing person. He's become very confident, yes, but not cocky."

Casañas considered that for a brief

treat, in nearly flawless English. He was the team's accommodating and charming spokesman. "Someday I am hopeful we will be able to come here and compete often, perhaps even to train. And maybe someday the American athletes can come to Cuba to compete and train. I think they would like it."

And then, almost as an afterthought, the 27-year-old Cuban, whose long, powerful strides and muscular build—6' 2", 185 pounds—have earned him the nickname "El Caballo" (The Horse), asked whom he would be racing against in the 400. Earlier Juantorena had said he would not compete in his other specialty, the 800, in which he holds the world record, because he was not in good enough physical condition. For the Cubans this would be their first competition since last fall.

Told that Billy Muffins of USC, No. 2 in the world to Juantorena in the 400 last year, had scratched because of an injured Achilles, the Cuban nodded without expression. But he was told he would be running against Auburn's Willie Smith, No. 3 in the world last year, Herman Frazier, the bronze medalist in the 400 at Montreal, and Benny Brown, who with Frazier had run on the victorious 4 x 400 relay at the 1976 Games.



*Slipping over the final hurdle on his way to a world-record 13.00, Renaldo Hübner had made up for the flying start of Alejandro Casañas (right).*

"Willie Smith," Juantorena repeated musingly.

He was asked if there were any in that field that he feared. Juantorena lifted his eyebrows and smiled at such a thought. "In the 400 I don't fear anyone in the world," he said. "If I walked out onto a track and saw a lion, I might have fear. But a human like me? With only two legs? No fear."

As 12,862 fans jammed Drake Stadium for Sunday's meet, the day began windy and grayish, with a few low-hanging clouds. "No way it will rain today," predicted a veteran Southern California track nut and amateur meteorologist. "But it's going to be a dark day for the Cubans. This isn't Montreal."

As it turned out, he was correct. First up for the Cubans was Griselda Machado in the 100-meter women's hurdles, in which she has been clocked in 13.24. Running in a white bandanna, Machado broke on top, as the Cubans would all day, but she was quickly overtaken by Deby LaPlante, the American record holder, who won in 13.15. Machado finished third with a time of 13.73.

*continued*



*Willie Smith had the lead on Juantorena coming out of the last turn of the 400 and never lost it.*



Silvio Leonard (right) nudged the 200, but winner Clancy Edwards said it made no difference.

#### NO CIGAR continued

Ten minutes later it was Casañas' turn to test himself against Nehemiah and Foster. "I think there will be a world record today," the Cuban flatly predicted.

Nehemiah, poised and ready, was also thinking that a world record was not beyond reach, although earlier in the week he had reflected, "Everyone is expecting a record, but it might be more of a strategic race, more of a psych game—the U.S. runners against the Cuban."

Employing a strategy of his own, Casañas anticipated the gun and false-started. Under the international rules, one more false start and the Cuban would be disqualified. On the second start, Casañas shot out of the blocks, seemingly a split second before the gun. There was no recall. "I was stunned; I was behind," Nehemiah said later, "I hesitated, thinking it was another false start. But he kept going, so I went after him."

Angered by the lack of recall, Foster, too, gave chase, hardly slowing as he slammed into the second hurdle. But the rhythm of precise strides this event demands had been upset. He cleared the third hurdle, then midway to the fourth he reached out, knowing he would nev-

er clear it. Foster hit the barrier solidly, fell to the track, and there he stayed. He had injured a hamstring.

At the sixth of the 10 hurdles, Nehemiah caught Casañas, passed him and blazed across the finish line in a stunning 13 seconds flat. Casañas was two yards back in 13.23. A moment later Nehemiah was congratulating the Cuban for running a fine race. He stuck out his right hand; Casañas hesitated. Then they shook hands.

After consoling Foster, Nehemiah said, "When we got here today, I felt the guy who won it would break the record, or be close to it. It was a very competitive race. The time didn't surprise me. Still, I think I would have been a little bit faster if I had gone out with the gun. I could have relaxed if I had a good start. I would have had a 12.7 or 12.8."

If Casañas was disappointed, Silvio Leonard, Cuba's top sprinter and No. 1 in 100 meters in the world last year, was doubly dejected. First he lost to Hous-



Leonard ran faultlessly in the 100, however, it was jumping Houston McTeer who hit the tape first



ton McTear's 10.17 in the 100 meters, and then he misjudged the finish by 10 meters in the 200 and was fourth behind Clancy Edwards, Steve Williams and James Sanford.

"Silvio made mistake," Mario Alonso, the diminutive 71-year-old head of the Cuban delegation, said after the 200. "I'd have caught him anyway," said Edwards, who was timed in 20.51.

After Evelyn Ashford beat Aurelia Penton in the women's 400 meters, it was time for Juantorena to take the track. Since Montreal, El Cabello has lost but twice: in a 400 in 1977, in an 800 last year. He has won 31 international races in that span, improved his 800 world record at the University Games in Sofia in 1977 and just seems to be getting better and better.

As Juantorena stepped onto the track, so did 5' 8" Willie Smith, who was thinking, "Nobody is unbeatable. He's just another human being."

Then Smith set out to prove himself

right. Benny Brown set a furious pace and held it until the eight competitors barreled around the final curve. Just as Juantorena seemingly had shifted into high gear, Smith streaked past him and took a five-meter lead. The Cuban never came an inch closer, and with 10 meters to go, he all but quit, slowing almost to a trot. At the tape Frazier overtook Juantorena for second place.

Smith had won in 45.55, the fastest time in the world this year. Frazier finished in 46.04, Juantorena 46.20. A few yards past the finish Juantorena finally caught up with Smith. He hugged the little man and, smiling, said, "Good."

As Juantorena walked away, Smith followed him with his eyes. "Isn't he something," Smith said. "He's a class guy. He treats me like another competitor. He asks me how I am doing. He's concerned about me and I'm concerned about him. I'm proud to run against him. He's where the action is."

Usually a meet's glamour event, the



Coghlan's lean in the mile left Scott second again



mile was almost an anti-climax. This one had Eamonn Coghlan, and any time he runs, there is a chance for a world record. Last February at San Diego, he ran an indoor mile in 3:52.6, destroying the world record by 2.3 seconds.

But it took only one quarter for the crowd to know it would get no more world records this day. Jeff Jirele set the pace, with a 59.9 first quarter, and led at the half in 2:00.6. Steve Lacy blew by the fading Jirele near the end of the third lap and was able to open an eight-yard lead as he towed the field through the third quarter in a slow 3:01.6. But then Steve Scott, who had finished second to Coghlan in 3:54.1 in his world-record indoor mile, began to close, and behind him came Marty Liquori, with Coghlan on his shoulder. Scott got the lead coming off the last turn and had opened a gap of five yards when Coghlan began his kick. He caught his man with 20 meters to go and the two matched strides to the tape, but Coghlan just did lean enough to win. Both runners were timed in 3:56.91.

As Juantorena set off in search of the van that had brought him and his teammates to the meet, he said, "I hope to come back for a meet in June. It is good for me to run in this country. I think our relations will get better and better. Here I met very good people, very warm people." And some very hot competition.



Back in the early 1970s, the World Series of Poker was pretty much an annual reunion of the good old boys of the circuit. The king players with the motley monikers—Texas Johnny Moss, Amarillo Slim Preston, Sailor Roberts, Doyle (Texas Dolly) Brunson, Puggy Pearson, Jack (Treetop) Strauss and the rest of them—were all old friends, veterans of countless more-or-less clandestine high-stakes poker games throughout Texas and the South. Every year, for a few weeks in late April and May, they would gather around poker tables at Benny Binion's Horseshoe Casino in downtown Las Vegas to swap stories and jokes while, almost incidentally, they won tens of thousands of dollars from one another.

It was only natural that the reunions should be at the Horseshoe. Binion's place is an old-fashioned gambling hall pure and simple—no lounge show, no semirude revue, no superstar headliners like those at the glossy palaces along the Las Vegas Strip. Just good steak from Binion's Montana ranch, good chili and the highest gambling limits in town. If a man wants to bet \$40,000 on a single roll of the dice, he can do it at the Horseshoe. What's more, silver-haired, ramrod-straight Binion, who opened the casino in 1951 and now, at the age of 74, spends most of his time holding court at a booth in the Sombbrero Room while his sons Jack and Ted run the operation, is the undisputed doyen of Texas gamblers. Born in the first decade of the century on a farm in Grayson County, Binion spent his youth scraping together loose change and hustling and gambling on the side-

walks and back alleys of Dallas with his friends Johnny Moss and Chill Wills. He became a bootlegger during Prohibition, then a full-time gambler and eventually a guest at Leavenworth prison for three years (for tax evasion) in the 1950s before he settled into his present position as one of Las Vegas' most respected senior citizens and poker host par excellence.

In 1970, the first year of Binion's little get-togethers, the boys played poker informally and finally voted Moss, then 63, the world champion. The following year and every year thereafter the Binions organized a series of freeze-out tournaments to determine the world champion of each game—seven-card stud, lowball, razz, draw, high-low split and, biggest of all, no-limit hold 'em, a deceptively simple-seeming variation of seven-card stud in which all players use the same five exposed community cards in combination with their two hole cards to form the best five-card hand. Though the number of participants in the World Series increased steadily from year to year, the players at the final tables and the ultimate winners were nearly always the same gamblers who had been coming to the Horseshoe since the beginning of the decade. In the first seven years of the \$10,000 buy-in, no-limit hold 'em tournament, which is the richest and most prestigious event, Moss was the winner twice, Brunson twice, and Preston, Pearson and Roberts once apiece. And they were all Texans except Pearson, who grew up in Tennessee.

Four years ago Brunson commented that he could not

*continued*

by ROGER DIONNE

## YOUTH CAN AGE YOU

Old-style poker players, the colorful, flamboyant stars of fact and legend, are being challenged by a new breed that is youthful, matter-of-fact and scientific

*Looking like a college kid cutting classes, young Bobby Baldwin takes on Puggy Pearson in a game of hold 'em.*

think of a top poker player who came from a well-to-do family or was under 30. A year later, in May 1976, a cherub-faced, curly-haired 25-year-old named Bobby Baldwin, out of Oklahoma State University (and hold 'em games in Oklahoma City), dropped into the Horseshoe and put down \$10,000 to have a go at the hold 'em world championship. At the end of the first day of the three-day event he was the leader of the pack. A fluke, the old pros figured, and, indeed, Baldwin was the first of the remaining players to tap out on the final day. However, Tommy Hufnagle from Schwenksville, Pa., barely 30 and a Yankee to boot, lasted a good deal longer and finished third. "You got good moves—for a Yankee boy," winner Brunson told him.

**I**n the World Series the following year, what had been a tentative foray by youth became an all-out attack. Baldwin returned to win the seven-card stud and the deuce-to-seven lowball world championships on consecutive days. Jeff Sandow, a 23-year-old from Trenton, N.J., a graduate of Syracuse University who has a master's degree in psychology, won the preliminary seven-card stud tournament. George Huber, a 30-year-old Vietnam veteran from Indianapolis, won the preliminary hold 'em tournament. David Sklansky, a 29-year-old mathematical whiz out of the University of Pennsylvania, finished second to Brunson in the high-low split world championship. And 27-year-old Bones Berland from Gardena, Calif., a sometime student at the University of Nevada, won the razz world championship and amazed everyone by finishing second, once again to the indomitable Brunson, in the no-limit hold 'em championship. It was no longer possible to ignore what was happening. "These younger players used to be soft as butter for us," Amarillo Slim observed, "but not anymore."

Nevertheless, most of the old pros were not yet convinced the new young players could hold their own in the vertiginous reaches of a no-limit game, which requires not just technical know-how but an ability to read opponents' hands with a high degree of precision, a keen sense of the value of marginal hands and the steel nerves to bluff enormous amounts of money. At five o'clock one morning last May, after a night playing a

casual game of no-limit hold 'em with a \$50,000 buy-in, just tuning up for the upcoming world championship, Brunson and another old hand named Crandall Addington were drinking coffee in the Sombiero Room, Brunson in a white sport shirt that billowed over his 300-pound bulk like a Bedouin tent. Addington in one of his habitual custom-tailored suits and ten-gallon hats. During the all-night hold 'em session, 27-year-old Dartmouth graduate Chip Reese had won about \$20,000 and Baldwin had won almost as much.

"These young fellows, they're all fierce limit players," Brunson said. "Chip is probably the best, while Bobby's the best at no-limit. But most of them haven't had the experience at no-limit to be good at it yet, and maybe some just don't have the heart for it."

"Limit poker is a science," Addington said, removing a thin cigar from his mouth, "and these kids are scientists. But no-limit is an art. In limit you're shooting at a target. In no-limit the target comes alive and shoots back at you."

As fate would have it, the subsequent no-limit hold 'em world championship, which paid \$210,000 to the winner, came down to a battle between the 41-year-old Addington—"the last of the old school," as he calls himself, though he has much in common with the new—and Baldwin, certainly the most thoroughly rounded of the new school, who has many affinities with the old. It was as though the poker gods had arranged for the argument that had grown up between the old school and the new to be settled by two of the best.

Matters did not look too promising for young Baldwin when a break was called at 8 p.m. on the unprecedented fourth day of the lengthy tournament, which had begun with 42 participants. He had \$145,000 at that point to Addington's \$275,000, and the dapper real-estate magnate and oil wildcatter from San Antonio had the reputation of being one of the toughest head-to-head players in any high-stakes game. Among the gamblers watching, Addington was the clear favorite.

"I went up and changed clothes," Baldwin said later, "and I decided if Crandall was going to win the other \$145,000, he was going to have to call some money."

Meanwhile, a camera crew that had been taping the world championship for a CBS Sports Spectacular segment was becoming despondent over the extra day of play.

"Isn't there some way to speed up the action?" producer Jerry Adler demanded. "This is getting expensive."

Baldwin returned to the television lights in an apple-green sport shirt and slacks, looking fresh and confident. He wore a gold chain around his neck and a gold bracelet around his right wrist. "It's 8.15 p.m. now," he told the complaining television people, smiling as though at some private joke. "I promise you, you'll all be home in bed by 9:15."

No one believed such brushiness, reminiscent of Babe Ruth's pointing to the outfield seats in the 1932 World Series, but like Ruth, Baldwin meant business. Early in the betting, he raised \$10,000. Addington called. The first three community cards were the queen of diamonds, the 4 of diamonds, and 3 of clubs. Baldwin pushed in another \$30,000 worth of chips, apparently chasing a straight or a diamond flush. Then again, he could have held a pair of aces as hole cards. But Addington promptly called the \$30,000. Obviously he had a strong hand himself.

The fourth community card was the ace of diamonds—"scary-looking," Baldwin called it. He pushed in one stack of \$10,000, then a second stack, and a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth and finally a short stack of \$5,000 on top of the rest of them—in short, \$65,000 worth, leaving him with only \$34,000.

Addington deliberated at length. The poker room became utterly silent. You could hear the glasses clinking at the bar on the far side of the blackjack pit. Addington continued to deliberate. He glanced at the stacks of chips and then at Baldwin for some clue. Was the kid bluffing or not? Addington decided he wasn't and threw away his hand. Smiling like an unconscionable elf, Baldwin raked in the \$92,000 pot, while at the same time he made sure to flash his hole cards in Addington's direction. They were the 9 and 10 of hearts. Worthless.

Poker player that he is, Addington showed not a twitch of emotion—but, as Baldwin put it later, "I could feel the steam." On each of the next two deals, Baldwin checked moderately good

continued

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hands—"bluff catchers," he calls them—and each time Addington fell into the trap, bluffed \$30,000 at him and lost. Then, with three 3s, Addington impulsively bet another \$30,000 into an obvious straight and lost again. In a matter of about eight minutes, beginning with that \$65,000 bluff raise, Baldwin had taken complete control of the game, and the rest was merely mopping up. The end came shortly afterward when Addington pushed all his chips in on a good hand and Baldwin's three queens beat his three 9s. The television crew could go home, and it was not yet nine.

That dramatic World Series victory last May, which gave Baldwin the title of poker champion of the world, was followed this February by a \$150,000 no-limit hold 'em win by Huber in the Amarillo Slim Classic at the Las Vegas Hilton. Baldwin is now 28, Huber 32. Baldwin also won the seven-card stud tournament at the Hilton, while Sklansky, now 31, won the razz tournament. So as the 1979 installment of the World Series of Poker got underway at the Horseshoe Casino last Sunday, one fact appeared beyond dispute: the new young poker players were not only able contenders against the old pros, they had suddenly become the guys the rest of the field had to beat.

The young pros are, in general, a breed apart from the men who dominated professional poker for generations. For many of the older players, poker was their way out of poverty and into affluence, success, recognition.

"We were just about as poor as anyone could be without actually starving," Moss told *Gambling Times Magazine* writer John Hill. "There wasn't no time for going to school for any of us kids. It was a full-time job just getting enough for the family to eat."

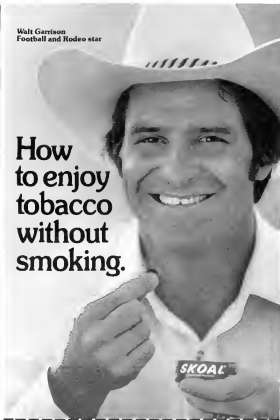
In contrast, virtually all of today's successful young players grew up in middle-class or upper-middle-class environments. Many of them went to college—or did until they decided a degree wasn't going to advance their poker careers. They chose to become poker players as one might choose to become a doctor or a lawyer. "The world's got plenty of lawyers," says Huber. "What we need is a few more gamblers."

Reese, who won the high-low split championship in the 1978 World Series, is a prime example of the new breed.

continued

Walt Garrison  
Football and Rodeo star

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Scion of one of Dayton's most respected families, a high school football star, a debating champion at Dartmouth and an economics major with a bright future in industry, Reese quit a \$25,000-a-year job as a manufacturer's representative five years ago to play poker in Las Vegas. Last Nov. 1, in a changing of the guard full of significance, Reese took over for the venerable Moss as the manager of the poker room at the Dunes Hotel on the Las Vegas Strip, where the best poker in town is played (except during the World Series at the Horseshoe and the Amarillo Slim Classic at the Hilton). Reese drives a Mercedes 450 SL, lives in a suite of rooms at the Dunes and wouldn't think twice about winning or losing \$25,000 in one evening of poker.

Nor are the gamblers in the highest-stakes games at the Dunes the same as those who played during Moss' tenure. Most of today's regulars are 35 or under—people like Danny Robinson out of Ohio University, Eric Drache, who went to Rutgers, and Rod Pardey, a onetime howling pro from Tacoma, Wash.

The new players don't see their poker playing as "gambling" in the way their older counterparts do. Sklansky sums it up succinctly: "What's most important," he says, "is that the best player is the most successful player. There is a high correlation between your ability and your reward." There is no talk of luck here, and whereas older players rely to a great extent on their gut instincts and years of experience turning cards, younger players don't just play poker, they study it like academicians. Mike Caro, for example, has spent hundreds of hours doing computer studies on various mathematical aspects of draw poker, at which he excels. Sklansky has performed similar studies for high-low split and other games.

While all players, including Caro and Sklansky, are quick to point out that psychology is much more important than mathematics in poker, the young pros nevertheless start from a sound mathematical base. Baldwin has become famous for psychological ploys and flamboyant bluffs, such as those he employed so successfully in the 1978 World Series; yet he is also a Life Master in bridge, and in his introduction to Sklansky's recent book on poker theory he suggests that "psychological maneuvers do you lit-

tle good if you can't first evaluate your hands in light of the cards on the board, the money in the pot and other such technical factors." Berland, who won two World Series tournaments last year, agrees with Baldwin and maintains that some older players make bad calls simply because they do not know the elementary mathematics of a given betting situation.

**N**early all the older pros pay a great deal of homage to luck and superstition. They believe in "rushes," or hot streaks, when they are winning, and when they are losing they might blame anything at all—the chair they're sitting in, the deck being used or especially the innocent, underpaid house dealer. When he gets a string of bad hands, veteran pro Davie Singer has a habit of tearing up a \$20 bill and throwing it away. "That was your tip," he growls at the dealer. And when he operated the poker room at the Dunes, Moss sometimes employed an even more powerful weapon: if he lost a couple of big pots, he simply fired the dealer on the spot.

There isn't a younger player who doesn't also "steam" occasionally and play crazy after a couple of bad deals. But he doesn't vent his anger on the dealer or anyone else. He blames only himself. "If you start losing every day," Reese says, "no matter how good you are, you're not playing unlucky; you're doing something wrong."

To these young players poker is basically a day-to-day job, but one that requires total dedication if you're to win in the long run. "You've got to have the desire to be a winner, to be No. 1," seven-card stud expert Pardey said one Sunday afternoon during last year's World Series. He was sitting in the sunny living room of his suburban Las Vegas home playing with his baby boy. His wife Sandy was in the kitchen preparing dinner, while his two stepchildren were playing outside. "But poker is just another sport like golf or baseball," Pardey went on. "It pays well if you work hard at it."

"The best player," Reese says, "is the one who gets up every day and plays good every single day, and doesn't steam or go goofy when he loses."

The hours of the young Las Vegas regulars might be unusual—8 p.m. to four

in the morning, say—and they're not averse to playing for two or three days straight when they've found a good game: that is, a game with at least one high-rolling weaker player anxious to be separated from his bankroll. But in general they put in a 40-hour week like anybody else. After their working day, they leave the gambling scene totally behind them and immerse themselves in their families and their homes, which could be those of middle-class doctors in Topeka or middle-class lawyers in Toledo.

Gamblers of the old school, who might throw their entire fortune into one pot in a no-limit game, tend to sneer at what they consider the undue caution of younger players. Singer calls them stockbrokers in contrast to colorful, go-for-broke gamblers like Strauss and Brunson, both of whom, incidentally, happen to have college degrees, as does Addington. To the younger players, gambling is a profession, not an adventure. They don't think just of tonight's game, but of tomorrow's and next week's and next year's. Most of them stay away from no-limit games (Baldwin, Hufnagle and Huber are notable exceptions), in which one unlucky loss can be disastrous, and stick to the game they know best at the highest limits they can find. Many also funnel a part of their winnings into longer-term enterprises.

"Most older players are just fluctuating up and down," Pardey said one Sunday. "They've been gambling for 30 or 40 years, and all they've got is maybe \$30,000, which they can lose tomorrow. Then they borrow and start over. They're not going anywhere. But I'm playing poker as a profession, and I try to build my money up and invest it. Once it's invested and away from the gambling action, it's hard for them to get it out of me."

Sandy Pardey brought dinner to the dining-room table and called the older children. Rod carried the baby into the dining room, and Sandy placed him in his high chair. Sunlight was filtering through the white dining-room curtains. There was unquestionably a lot of action downtown and on the Strip, but here in the Pardey home it was very quiet, very peaceful. Rod Pardey would be heading down there later, but for now it was a long, long way from the good-old-boy reunion down at Binson's Horseshoe Casino. END





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# **Wheel Horse**

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**I**t was cold last Thursday night in Bloomington, Minn., no time to be watching baseball at Metropolitan Stadium, especially since the evening's Twin-Tiger game seemed to have run its course by the third inning. Detroit was leading 3-0, with men on second and third and two outs, when Phil Mankowski hit a hard grounder up the middle. It looked like a sure two-run tweener, but Roy Smalley III, Minnesota's astute shortstop, didn't see it that way. Playing the left-handed Mankowski to pull, Smalley had stationed himself just to the left of second. With several giant steps he swooped across the bag, glowed the grounder and threw Mankowski out.

Swelling with confidence now, Smalley went into high gear. In the Twins' half of the third he got his second single of the night and Minnesota scored twice. In the fifth he again used clever positioning to turn Lance Parrish's slow hopper into a rally-breaking double play. Minutes later Smalley walked on a 3-2 pitch to help build a run for the Twins. Other smart fielding plays followed in the sixth and seventh innings.

Then, with the score tied at 6-6 in the bottom of the eighth, Smalley batted against Detroit righthander Jack Billingham. The first pitch, a fastball, came in higher than Billingham had intended. Striding forward from his slightly closed stance, Smalley kept his lead shoulder aimed at the mound until the last split second and then uncoiled his wrists—and his body. A keen student of all sports, Smalley believes a closed stance with delayed wrist action may be the most critical skill in athletics; it is, he contends, the key to swinging a golf club well, to putting the shot, to making a strong overhand throw, to landing a hard right cross. And to swinging a baseball but successfully. Billingham's pitch shot high over the infield, climbed far into the dark outfield sky and cleared the rightfield fence 375 feet away.

Smalley was not through. With Detroit runners on first and second and one out



## A shortstop who's long on smarts

*Roy Smalley, the American League's best, has brains—and now some brawn*

in the ninth. Parrish hit a pitch from Minnesota Reliever Mike Marshall into the hole between where the shortstop and third baseman would usually be positioned. But because he had again stationed himself perfectly, Smalley had to move all of two feet to turn a hit into a

game-ending double play. In sum, he handled eight fielding chances flawlessly—and a couple brilliantly—went 3 for 4 at the plate, scored two runs and got the game-winning RBI. However, when Smalley was asked if this had been his best game in the majors, he was momentarily confused. To the top all-round shortstop in the American League it had been just another night's work.

Aided by Smalley's contributions, the Twins ran off six victories in one stretch last week and maintained their surprising hold on first place in the American League's Western Division. To be sure, they had run up their 18-8 record largely against non-contenders—Oakland, Seattle, Toronto and Detroit. The only tough team they have played, California, has beaten them five of six times. And with an inflamed shoulder putting 3-0 Pitcher Geoff Zahn onto the disabled list last week, the Twins will be vulnerable going into upcoming series against Texas and Kansas City. But thanks in large part to Smalley, Minnesota should improve—perhaps dramatically—on its 73-89 record of 1978.

Smalley's influence seems to be everywhere on the revived Twins. Catcher Butch Wynegar hit .229 last year. After taking Smalley's advice to undergo an off-season weight-training program, he has kept his 1979 average over .250. Pitcher Jerry Koosman is off to a 5-0 start, mainly because the Twins scored 46 runs in his six starts, as compared to the 47 that the Mets gave him while he was losing 15 of 18 in 1978. The switch-hitting Smalley, who is battling for the American League batting lead with a .380 average and pacing the Twins with six homers, 20 runs batted in, 38 hits and 20 runs, has been Kooz' major benefactor. What's more, Koosman finds Smalley's fielding unbelievable. "Sometimes the ball is hit and I think 'base hit,'" Koosman says. "But all of a sudden Roy is there." The Twins have turned 39 double plays, the most in the majors, and Smalley has been in on 32 of them. He

continued



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has committed only two errors in 179 chances for a fielding percentage of .989.

The number of his chances is worthy of note. If he continues at his present pace, the 26-year-old Smalley will obliterate the major league record for chances accepted by a shortstop (984) by the Giants' Dave Bancroft in 1922) by 102. "Mark Belonger of the Orioles is the best-fielding shortstop in the business," says Smalley, "and Boston's Rick Burleson and Robin Yount of the Brewers are quicker than I am. But I hope people won't say I led the league in chances because my pitchers throw ground balls." No way. Smalley has led the league in chances the last two seasons because he is a practitioner of a lost discipline—studying opposing hitters and his team's pitchers.

Just listen to another grateful Twin, Marshall. The once acerbic reliever, who seemed washed up at the start of '78, left the unemployment rolls to join the Twins on May 15. He was so successful that at the end of the season he was given a four-year, \$1.2 million contract. Along with the Yankees' Tommy John, Marshall is the early-book co-favorite for the Cy Young Award with a 5-1 record, nine saves and a 0.84 ERA. He says his turnaround has been greatly facilitated by infielders who are willing to listen to his advice about positioning. "On the last play of Thursday's game," says Marshall, who has grown portly and pleasant at 36, "I told Smalley I was going to pitch Parrish to pull more. Roy waited for the appropriate moment, when no one was paying much attention, and moved right over to the perfect place. He's the kind of shortstop who says, 'Come on, hit the ball to me.' A take-charge shortstop changes the game for everyone."

Though it passed almost without notice, Smalley was the league's best at his position in 1978, when he hit .273, drove in 77 runs and led all shortstops with 19 homers, 287 putouts and 121 double plays. After undertaking an off-season weight program himself—it was suggested by a Los Angeles friend, Ron Klemp—Smalley started 1979 even hotter. He considers himself a step and a half faster in the field this year; at the plate he says he's hitting for distance without trying to pull. "The bad things you hear about weights—tightness, decreased flex and speed—aren't true as long as you keep playing your sport," Smalley says. "I bet that all world-class athletes have used

weights. Even sprinters must have tremendous upper-body strength. And you can't separate the physical from the psychological. As you get stronger, you think more positively."

When Texas traded him to the Twins in June of 1976, he found himself in a negative situation. The man who insisted that Smalley be part of the deal was his uncle, Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch. Because eight members of the Twins' undistinguished front office are related to owner Calvin Griffith—two of his brothers, his son, three nephews, a sister and a cousin are on the payroll—Minnesota fans were already sensitive to the slightest suggestion of nepotism, and for the next two years they heaped unrelieved abuse on Smalley, using his kinship with Mauch as the main theme of their barbs. "I guess my problem was that I was thinking so logically," says Smalley. "I mean, here's Gene Mauch, three-time Manager of the Year in the National League, the dean of all managers, the best manager in baseball. Is he going to use an incompetent guy at shortstop because he happens to be his nephew?"

Shattered by the canals, Smalley became tense and too conscious of his statistics. By the middle of last season, he had improved his hitting—apparently at the expense of his fielding. On July 3, following a game in which Smalley made three errors and was booed even while hitting a homer, Mauch took him aside. "He told me, 'You're my shortstop. I wouldn't trade you for any shortstop in the league.'"

Smalley recalls. Much relieved, Smalley made only six errors in his last 86 games and ended Rod Carew's six-year reign as Most Valuable Twin. By then the booing had stopped. It is hardly surprising that Smalley should become the thinking man's favorite infielder. His father, Roy Smalley Jr., was a shortstop for the Cubs, Braves and Phillies in the 1940s and '50s. "I was inundated with baseball," says Roy III. Because Roy Jr. married Mauch's sister JoLene, the kid was doubly inundated. "Every time Gene came over to the house, he and my father talked baseball all night," Smalley says. It rubbed off. Playing with Fred Lynn and Rich Dauer at USC, Smalley was a hero of the 1973 and 1974 NCAA champions. The Rangers made him the first choice of the 1974 draft and signed him for a \$100,000 bonus, but it was not until he became a Twin that he blossomed.

Like Mauch, Smalley gets to the park early, studies the pitching and hitting charts and talks baseball incessantly. "I like to follow the signals and see what's coming when I'm in the field," he says. "I also watch the batter. Sometimes you know where he's going to hit by the way he's standing, by how aggressive he is. I guess you could call it intuition." Such talk is a joy to Mauch, the archetypal "good baseball man." But playing for his uncle has not been the indispensable ingredient in Roy's rise. As Marshall points out, "Smalley became a star by being Roy Smalley, not because he's Gene Mauch's nephew."

## THE WEEK

(April 29-May 5)

**AL WEST** Even when they missed could do no wrong. Heading for second base after homering against Detroit, Glenn Adams suddenly turned toward the dugout. He had lost the ball in the terrible lighting of Metropolitan Stadium and assumed Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore had made the catch. Fortunately, eagle-eyed First-Base Coach Karl Kuehl saw the ball clear the fence and stopped Adams before he left the base path. Adams then completed his tour of the bases. The homer beat Detroit 7-6.

The Mariners (1-5) also needed better vision. After benching Tom Paciorek against Boston pitcher Dennis Eckersley, Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson explained, "I had a vision when I went to sleep last night. I saw Paciorek batting against Eckersley, and I didn't like what I saw." He couldn't have liked what he saw in the waking world, either—as Paciorek's replacement, John Hale, struck out three times.

Oakland (3-3) had pleasanter dreams. The A's played like contenders in beating Boston and New York in three of five games. In one of those victories, a 7-5 triumph over the Yankees, Reliever Bob Lacey indulged in a little wish fulfillment by spiking the ball after getting the last out. "I've dreamed about catching a long pass from Kenny Stabler," said Lacey, "and spiking the ball on the Coliseum's natural turf. I've even dreamed of Curt Gowdy sitting in the booth describing the action."

Several Angels (2-3) had heavenly weeks. Don Baylor beat New York 2-1 with a bases-loaded single to finish April with a league-record 28 runs batted in. Nolan Ryan outdueled New York's Ron Gaudry 1-0. The game's only run was provided by players who each start-

continued

ed the evening with a .000 average. Catcher Terry Humphrey, who had been to bat only once before, singled in the third inning, went to second on a wild pitch and scored on a double by Second Baseman Jim Anderson, who had been 0 for 1 as well.

Texas (4-3) traded unhappy Shortstop Bert Campaneris to California for Infielder Dave Chalk, but that didn't eliminate all the Rangers' headaches. Through the Rangers took two of three from Kansas City (3-3). Ferguson Jenkins was riled about being removed from a game with a 6-5 lead in the fifth inning. Texas eventually beat the Royals 8-7. And neither Texas nor Chicago (2-3) was pleased about playing a game in cold Comiskey Park. "The umpires' supervisor [Dick Butler] was here, sitting up in the press box," said Texas Manager Phil Corrales, "and he told the umpires not to call it off." That was just one of many complaints about the substitute ump. The Kansas City players and coaches sent letters to several baseball executives, urging them to settle the regular umpires' job action. "It is ridiculous to go out every day under these circumstances," they wrote.

The Royals got all the relief they could ask for on the field—6½ innings from rejuvenated Steve Busby, who allowed just three hits and two unearned runs, and 5½ scoreless innings from Al Hrabosky, who won one game and saved another. The good news in Texas was 1½ innings of painless, if poor—five hits, six runs—pitching by Jon Matlack, who is coming off elbow surgery. And Eric Soderholm of the White Sox, volunteering to bat cleanup, helped win a game 7-6 over Texas with four RBIs.

MINN 17-6 CAL 16-10 TEX 14-10 KC 14-11  
CHI 11-13 OAK 10-16 SEA 8-15

**AL EAST** While New York (2-4) sputtered, Baltimore (5-0) streaked. All the Orioles lacked was a decent wordsmith. When Doug DeCinces was placed on the 21-day disabled list and Jim Palmer left a game in the first inning, both with back ailments, the word went around that the Orioles would have to "back" into a division title. Maybe not, since Palmer recovered to knock off California 9-1 with ninth-inning relief help from Tim Lincecum. And after Ken Singleton hit his seventh and eighth homers, someone suggested that he change his name to—beeh, heh—Homerston. The Orioles have averaged 11.8 hits over their last 11 games, and Rich Dauer was 5.38 for the week, with eight runs and four RBIs. Lee May clubbed his 10th grand slam, most among active American Leaguers; and Stoddard struck out seven Mariners in a 2½-inning relief appearance.

Bobby Bonds of the Indians (2-4) became the second major-leaguer to hit 300 home runs and steal 300 bases when he homered in a

6-1 loss to Milwaukee. (Wilkie Mays was the first.) With his 300 homers Bonds has 413 steals. Mays finished up with 660 home runs and 338 stolen bases.

Milwaukee (5-3) placed Infielder Don Money on the 21-day disabled list with a pulled hamstring muscle, but the Brewers more than balanced out the loss of his strong bat with tight pitching. The Brewers, whose staff leads the league with a 3.18 ERA, finished the week with a club-record six straight complete games. The most satisfying was recuperating Moose Haas' 6-1 win over Cleveland, his first victory since April 12, 1978. Gorman Thomas (four homers and 10 RBIs) and Ben Oglivie (four homers and seven RBIs) paced the hitters.

Detroit (2-3) Pitcher Mark Fidrych, sidelined most of the last two seasons with tendinitis in his pitching arm, made his 1979 debut, threw 50 pitches and left after four innings with a 6-2 lead over Minnesota. Fidrych couldn't get his breaking pitches down but threw without pain. Designated Hater Rusty Staub ended a holdout by going 6 for 11 with five doubles. He, too, was feeling no pain. "Spring training's for pitchers and rookies," he said.

Boston (4-2) opened a 17-game home stand with an opportunity to widen its division lead, and blasted Seattle 5-3 and 11-4 as Fred Lynn, the league home-run leader, got his 10th of the season and George Scott and Dwight Evans broke out of slumps. The pitching was equally sharp, particularly during free-agent signee Steve Renko's first two wins for Boston and Dick Drago's third victory and third save.

Toronto (2-6) pitchers have walked 117 batters in 27 games. At this rate, they will walk 1,802 in 1979, easily surpassing the major league record of 812 set by the 1949 Yankees. The most embarrassing passes of the week were issued by Tom Underwood, who walked two men with the bases loaded in the ninth inning and turned a 4-3 lead over Milwaukee into a 5-4 loss. The Blue Jays' unrecruited ex-Pirate Bob Robertson, a batting hero of the 1971 World Series, who had averaged just 133 at bats the last five seasons, Robertson promptly homered, to give Toronto a 5-3 victory over the Brewers.

BOS 16-8 BAL 17-9 MIL 16-11 NY 12-13  
DET 9-11 CLE 7-17 TOR 8-19

**NL WEST** As San Francisco (4-2) ended April with an eight-game losing streak, Outfielder Bill North created a slogan: "Hooray, hooray, it's the first of May." Bob Knepper celebrated May Day by throwing a five-hit, 7-0 shutout at Philadelphia, and his teammates followed with 7-5, 4-3 and 6-4 was over New York. The Giants, particularly two of their leading pitchers, Vida Blue and Knepper, were finally performing up to their reputations. Said

Blue, "I've been using my fastball to set up my curve, which is the opposite of the way it should be." Said Knepper, "We decided, by God, let's go after 'em. So I threw 100 fastballs out of 118 pitches." May fever spread through the club, gripping light hitters Johnny LeMaster, who homered, and Roger Metzger, who tripled.

On May Day the Padres (3-3) wanted nothing more than to settle down. They had played 16 of their first 23 games on the road, and almost everything had gone wrong. Even the guy inside their mascot, the fabled KGB Chicken, had been canned over a contract dispute. But Gaylord Perry sent the Padres home on a happy note, beating New York 10-5 for his 27th major league victory. On the same day, Atlanta (1-4) Pitcher Phil Niekro beat Pittsburgh 5-2 for his 200th. That may have left Niekro's kid brother feeling like just another guy named Joe. Nonetheless, Houston's Joe Niekro set down St. Louis 4-1 on only 89 pitches. The win kept the division-leading Astros (2-5) 3½ games ahead of Cincinnati. Then the Reds took two straight, edging Houston 6-5 on George Foster's 10th-inning single and 6-2 on two RBIs apiece by Johnny

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**JIM SLATON:** The Milwaukee right-hander threw two complete-game victories—beating Cleveland 8-0 on two hits and Toronto 6-1 on eight—so lower his earned run average to 1.66, best among the league's starters.

Bench and Joe Morgan. If their lead was shrinking, at least the Astros were comporting themselves in the manner of modern champions. Making Yankee-style headlines, Outfielder Cesar Cedeno and Pitcher Joaquin Andujar had a showing match. Manager Bill Virden, late of New York, didn't fire them.

Los Angeles (2-5) Manager Tom Lasorda was fighting panic. Juggling his pitching staff, he made a starter out of Rick Sutcliffe and returned Bob Welch to the bullpen. Sutcliffe, 22, beat the Phillies 5-2, and the clubhouse mood changed perceptibly. "This is the high point of my career," said Sutcliffe, "no doubt about it. It'll probably hit me when I wake up tomorrow, and I'll spend about \$10 buying every newspaper I can. That should fill my scrapbook."

HOU 16-10 CIN 14-11 SF 13-14  
SD 12-15 LA 11-17 ATL 8-16

**NL EAST** It was every kid's dream. Called up from the minors to replace Manny Trillo, who had suffered a broken left forearm, journeyman Second Baseman Ramon Aviles delivered a two-run ninth-inning single to help Philadelphia (4-2) beat Los Angeles 5-2. As the Phillies took two of three from L.A., Shortstop Larry

continued



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Born heated up the rivalry by claiming that Dodger Pitcher Rick Sutcliffe, who had broken Trillo's forearm with a pitch, had deliberately thrown at him.

There was drama all over the division. Chicago (4-1) was down to its last out and trailed Atlanta 5-0. The Braves' ace reliever, Gene Garber, was pitching. Then Tim Lincecum stroked a two-run single, Larry Bittner singled in another run and Bobby Murcer won the game 6-5 with a three-run homer.

In St. Louis, Cardinal fans began leaving the park when Houston rallied for three 11th-inning scores to lead 6-3. The departees missed seeing Cardinal pinch hitter Roger Freed hit a grand slam that sent everyone else home happy. Said the popular Freed, "This is the biggest, most pleasurable experience anyone can have in the game." No less heart-warming were three three-hit games by 39-year-old Lou Brock, who increased his career hit total to 2,923. Mostly, though, the Cardinals (3-4) seemed to have stage fright. They couldn't sacrifice, score men from third or even think. With his team trailing Pittsburgh 6-5 in the ninth, Manager Ken Boyer allowed Pitcher Tom Bruno to hit for himself. Bruno fouled out, and the Cards folded. Boyer's explanation—that he was flat out of pitchers—ignored the presence of well-rested John Denny. Boyer and Trainer Gene Gieselmann said Denny's cold prevented him from pitching. Denny disagreed. Not even the much-heralded Runch Busch—a promotion complete with helium-filled balloons, NASCAR drivers racing in dune buggies and disco contests—fully satisfied the 50,983 fans who showed up. It rained, and the Cardinals lost 6-5 to Houston.

It was a routine week for New York (2-3), which used 25 pitchers in seven games, but there were surprises aplenty in Montreal (4-2) and Pittsburgh (3-2). A preseason dark horse, the Expos remained in first. Warren Cromartie extended his hitting streak to a team-record 19 games before he was stopped by the Padres. Ellis Valentine returned from a four-game suspension and homered to help beat the Giants 7-5, and Gary Carter, with four homers and 12 RBIs, ran his hitting string to 10 games. Until the Padres' Randy Jones and Rolfe Fingers set them down 10-2, the Expos had built up a seven-game winning streak. They are 7-0 against left-handed starters and 11-1 at home. Pittsburgh, which was supposed to be a strong contender, had its first winning week, but starting pitchers Ben Nyeleven (0-2) and Don Robinson (2-2) and Reliever Kent Tekulve (1-4 and no saves) continued their slumps. In a reminder of better days, Bruce Kison, a long-relief hero in the 1971 World Series, was called on in the first inning and threw 7½ strong innings to beat Houston 10-5.

MON 16-7 PHIL 16-7 CHS 11-10  
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## Merci, we needed that

*The swift, aggressive French national team came to the Meadowlands and gave the U.S. national team a lesson in world-class soccer—by socking it to them*

In the closing minutes of France's 6-0 rout of the U.S. national team last week, Michael Platini, 22, one of the stars of what was essentially the same French team that qualified for World Cup play last year, gave a soccer lesson to Larry Hulcer. Also 22, a former all-star from St. Louis University and a first draft pick of the NASL's Los Angeles Aztecs, Hulcer is one of the U.S.' brightest young hopes in the supercharged world of international soccer.

The scoring was over for the evening and this was graduate school. The hard-charging and marvelously speedy French

had not, as many predicted they might, turned off the steam and ceased embarrassing their hosts once they had established a comfortable lead. No. They kept galloping belligerently up and down Giants Stadium in the New Jersey Meadowlands until the very end.

Now Platini, a midfielder of stunning skill, gave his American counterpart the final exam. He deftly flipped the ball 15 feet in the air as Hulcer ran in to tackle, wheeled around the American in a few steps and caught the ball softly on his right instep. Hulcer braked, turned and ran at him again. This time Platini, who

resembles Marcel Marceau, executed almost exactly the same trick with the other foot. At the end of that one, he struck a neat heel pass to a teammate cruising behind him and was off.

Hulcer panted, put his hands on his hips and looked at the ground. His expression was a combination of awe and pain, the look of a young club fighter who had just finished three "friendly" rounds with Ali.

Hulcer's experience was not unique. Many of his teammates had suffered similar embarrassing moments. And at the end of the drubbing by the French, one of the top 10 national squads in the world, the U.S. had a clearer—and unfortunately painful—idea of just how far it has yet to travel to reach soccer respectability on a world level.

The match was a result of France's having to cancel a game with Iran because of the revolution. Instead, the French proposed playing the U.S. The offer was enthusiastically accepted by the U.S. national and Olympic coach, the Ukrainian-born Walt Chyzowych. "Quality breeds quality," he said. "We can only get better by playing the French. It will give us a standard against which to judge our progress."

The last outing of the U.S. national team was against the Russian squad last winter (SI, Feb. 12). In two meetings, the Americans lost twice but performed reasonably well on each occasion. Although the French were known to be an incomparably better side than the Soviets, Chyzowych refused to consider tactics that another underdog coach might have employed in such a mismatch. "We won't lay back in front of our net and defend all night," he said. "And we won't try to double-cover their stars like Platini and Marus Tresor [the Guadeloupe-born captain of the squad, the "Beckenbauer of France"] because we won't learn anything that way. We're going to attack and play even up. We'll take our lumps and be wiser for it."

Other national teams are composed of the best professionals—seasoned, proven veterans. Chyzowych's problem was that the best professionals playing in the U.S.

*continued*



*Six took a shot, got the rebound, shot again and got another rebound. The third time, he didn't miss.*

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are all foreigners and therefore ineligible. Moreover, so recent and so rapid has been the growth of the game here that the most skilled native-born players tend to be youngsters who lack much professional experience.

Of the 18 men on the U.S. roster for the game with France, 12 were technically amateurs. (The other six were out-and-out pros.) The "amateurs" are under contracts to various NASL teams by means of a nifty little piece of paper called the Olympic Registration Form, which ensures a player's eligibility for the Olympics while allowing him to play with the pros, draw expense money and swing some private "clinic and lesson" fees. About 50 NASL players have such deals. U.S. Midfielder Ricky Davis of the Cosmos, for instance, gets \$100 a week expense, the use of a car, an apartment and \$20,000 for giving clinics. All legal—and amateur.

Chyzowych's U.S. Olympic team—the national team minus the pros, plus a few other amateurs—squeezed through the qualifying round of the Pan-American Games last month and in July will go to the finals in Puerto Rico. At the end of this month, the team plays Mexico in the first round of the Olympic eliminations. Many of those who took the field last week against France will be on that squad as well. The team Chyzowych selected to play the French reflected his desire to try a number of combinations before World Cup or Olympic eliminations begin in earnest. He may not have fielded the strongest team, but it was certainly a representative one. "The level of play advances so rapidly here," he says, "that by the time of the Olympics, I may have a whole new crop of kids just out of junior high to work with." He was only half-joking.

And while the level of play in the U.S. may be something of a locker-room joke in Europe, the U.S. entry into world soccer is not. Soccer attendance is down in several European countries, causing mild alarm. The hope is that an injection of U.S. dollars, enthusiasm and prestige will bring it back up.

French Coach Michael Hidalgo arrived in New York last week full of graceful allusions to the Statue of Liberty, and he had no uncomplicated word for Giants Stadium's "synthetic carpet"—AstroTurf—a surface on which few of his athletes had ever played.

Any talk among the Americans of a "philosophic victory" ceased as the members of the U.S. team watched in awe while the French went through a hard workout, picking up the secrets of AstroTurf in an hour or so. Midfielder Perry Van Der Beck, 19, the youngest U.S. player and one of the best—he has an Olympic contract with Tampa Bay—dug his fingers into his mop of blond hair and moaned, "I can't believe the speed, the perfection." He turned to Chyzowych. "Coach, what are we going to do?"

"Do?" Chyzowych said. "Perry, we're going to pray. Come to church with me."

Team Captain Glenn Myernick, an old-hand defender with the Dallas Tornado—one of the professional professionals—sighed. "We're not going to play defense all night," he said, repeating Chyzowych's message. "We're going to take it to them. If we find out where they are."

With more Tricolors than Stars and Stripes waving in the 20,000-plus crowd, the French took only a few minutes to start the evening's seminar in world-class soccer. They showed a game as hard and fast as the English one, as skillfully team-controlled as the German one, but with a special Gallic individuality in creating plays and attacking with élan.

They were insolently perfect, passing with a precision that had the crowd gasping and cheering. The Americans averaged 15 pounds heavier per man than the French, and were taller and more muscular. But from the beginning they were overwhelmed and knocked off the ball at will by the agile French.

Bernard Lacombe, 26, who holds the World Cup record for the quickest goal—38 seconds against Italy—took all of 7:55 to score the first French goal. He hit a high volley that a bewildered Don Droege, a Washington Diplomat defender, had failed to clear, and kicked it past the outstretched hands of Goalie Arnie Mausser.

Five minutes later Lacombe struck again, ricocheting a shot off the back of Myernick past a screened Mausser. And 22 minutes after that, Droege again failed to clear a ball in the penalty box and Lacombe had a chapeau trick.

Before the end of the half Myernick hit his own goalpost with a clearing kick, and the luckless Droege suffered the torment of seeing his name on the scoreboard—scoring for France—when a kick

that was meant to clear ran over the line into the empty net. At the half it was 4-0 France.

The Americans were missing veteran Cosmos defender Bobby Smith, a mud-man of a take-charge veteran, and Ty Keough, the young sweeper back with San Diego, both out with injuries. But Chyzowych kept his word and refused to play his team defensively.

Fifteen minutes after the resumption, Loic Amisse scored the fifth French goal. The last score of the night belonged to fiery Winger Didier Six, who charged into the box and was confronted by a milling group of Americans. He shot, and the ball trickled back to him. He shot again, and the ball bobbed about, returning once again to his right foot. He gave a great Gallic shrug of disbelief and sent a whistling, twisting shot into the net. He turned away and sighed.

"The first three goals were absolutely stupid," said a dejected Chyzowych afterward. "Three down and you don't come back against a team like that. What we need to play world-class soccer is technique at high speed. We certainly learned that."

"This is a setback, a lesson. We didn't do our homework," sighed Mausser. "Our players get such little playing time in the NASL because foreigners dominate the game. It'll be a long time before we're up to France's level. I want to play in the World Cup. Do you think I'll make the team when I'm 60?"

Said Myernick, when asked how he felt, "I felt great—until 9:10." The game began at nine o'clock.

Said Lacombe, "We came to play serious soccer. We were very impressed by the conditioning and strength of the Americans. Now all they need is technique."

"We can't teach you skills," said Platini, marveling at the relative opulence of the carpeted Giants Stadium dressing room. "Skill you must learn, as we all have, by simply living the game your whole life. It will come here from the children, I think. But to play in America..." At this he paused and rubbed his fingers together, indicating money. "Vive les Cosmos!"

The thing Platini liked best about the game, though, was the instant-replay scoreboard. "To look up and see your team score the goal again, that is very sweet," he said. World-class, in fact. **END**

## Red ink, rosy future

All eight teams in the women's league lost a bundle, but not their optimism



Mayo led Houston to the inaugural WBL title

After observing his first game of women's pro basketball, a distinguished critic made the following observation: "When they're not running, they're jumping. When they're not jumping, they're diving. When they're not diving, they're shooting. When they're not shooting, they're passing. These girls can really operate." The speaker was a man who can also operate, one Julius Erving.

Last week, in the fifth and deciding game of the first Women's Professional Basketball League championship, the Houston Angels ran, jumped, dived and shot their way to victory over the Iowa Cornets, 111-104, before 5,976 fans at Houston's Hofheinz Pavilion. Houston Forward Paula Mayo, who at 5'11" and 185 pounds is affectionately called "Moose" by her teammates, contributed a game-high 36 points and 22 rebounds, but it was a tenacious defense and a total team effort, concepts preached by Coach Don Knodel, that won for the Angels.

After the game, at a party hosted by Bill Byrne, the WBL founder and president, there was a sense of relief, pride and joy. Economic pressures had not forced the eight-team league—Houston, New York Stars, New Jersey Gems and Dayton Rockettes in the Eastern Division and Iowa, Chicago Hustle, Minnesota Fillies and Milwaukee Does in the Midwest—into an early grave, as many had predicted. The WBL finished its 34-game regular season and championship series with player salaries, arena rentals and travel expenses paid. To be sure, all eight teams lost money. Chicago, which had a \$150,000 deficit, came closest to breaking even. Milwaukee suffered the most—some \$325,000 worth—while the other clubs lost an average of \$260,000.

"It's hard to be excited when you've lost money," said Minnesota President Gordon Nevers, a great-nephew of Ernie Nevers, "but we have proved that we are credible. Now we have to market our product. We had only 45 days to prepare this year, but now we will have eight months. I had hoped to average 3,000 fans, but we ended up with only 1,500 and even that was not all paid.

"For our last game in Minnesota we drew 2,600, and I'm convinced we can sell 2,000 season tickets next year. The league has a three-year plan. It doesn't expect to break even until after the 1980-81 season, but Minnesota is going to break even next year."

Heady talk, perhaps. Although the Cornets play in a hothouse of women's basketball (the Iowa girls' state high school tournament draws sellout crowds of 15,000), they project three years of red ink, totaling \$405,500. Houston's president and general manager, Hugh Sweeney, who is a promoter for the Avon tennis tour, also foresees a struggle.

"This has been a pioneer year," said the 6'6" former amateur tennis player. "We proved to the press that we're for real, but now we have to prove it to the public. It may take two or three years, but it took women's tennis a lot longer than that. The payroll is what kills you in pro sports today, but WBL salaries are low [\$5,000 to \$15,000, compared to the NBA average of \$143,000]. I have most of my girls signed to three-year contracts, and I'm certain that we're going to make it." Asked what it was like to win the first WBL championship, Sweeney pulled on his cigar and replied, "It's kind of like being in the first covered wagon to cross the country."

For the players, the pioneers in kneepads, the season had indeed offered similarities to frontier roughing it. They had endured blizzards, tornadoes and torrential rains, including the Houston Flood that forced postponement of the second game in the championship series.

"The first year has been a great experience, but not everything has been a bed of roses," says Iowa Guard Tanya Crevier. "The travel was the worst, and some of the facilities were atrocious. We usually changed and showered in our motel rooms. In some lockers the floors hadn't been swept for weeks, paint was peeling off the walls and bugs were crawling all over the shower-room floors. In our first year we can't expect the greatest, but it would be nice to take a shower without worrying about athlete's foot."

This season on the Cornets played in eight

continued

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Iowa "hometowns," and to travel to their games, owner George Nissen, the largest manufacturer of gymnastics equipment in the world, purchased a \$31,200 Greyhound bus, dubbed the Corn Dog. The green and gold Corn Dog is equipped with two TV sets, a stereo system, a refrigerator, three game tables, chairs that open up into beds, and floor-to-ceiling carpeting. Luxurious though Corn Dog is, travel could be horrendous. In January, after beating Chicago in Cedar Falls, the team had to follow a snow-plow to Des Moines for its afternoon game against Minnesota. A trip that normally takes two hours lasted six, and en route the sweaty Cornet uniforms, stashed in a luggage compartment under the bus, froze. With no time to pick up fresh uniforms, the players thawed out their dirty ones, then stepped onto the court and lost to the Fabrics, 109-107.

"For many of us the WBL has been a step down from college ball," says Iowa Forward Nancy Rutter, a former star at the University of Missouri. "In college we had weight rooms, a training table and super facilities, but this is the WBL's first season. We can't expect everything to happen overnight. It didn't at Missouri either. My freshman year (1974-75) we didn't have scholarships, there wasn't even a locker room for the team and we didn't play any games out of state."

Asked if they thought the league would make it, 12 Cornets nodded their heads in unison. Center Doris Draving said, "All you have to do is see a game in Chicago. The excitement in that gym is enough reason to believe the league will survive."

As noted, Chicago, the fourth team to join the league after Iowa, New Jersey and Milwaukee, was the WBL's most successful franchise. The Hustle averaged 2,122 fans, second to Iowa's 2,332, but the average was lowered by two games in which the Blizzard of '79 reduced the crowds to fewer than 600. In its last six home games, with the snow melted, the Hustle averaged 3,105.

The key to the team's success was a TV contract with WGN, the country's largest independent station, which on Dec. 14 televised Chicago's first home game. "It gave us instant exposure," says Chicago G. M. Chuck Shriver. "The viewers saw that women could play basketball. It wasn't the slow powder-puff

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### PRO BASKETBALL continued

game they expected." WGN, surprised at ratings twice as high as forecast, bought the rights to nine more games and came up with a winner. Hustle telecasts attracted nearly 140,000 viewers a game. Chicago Black Hawk games averaged fewer than 60,000 viewers. With a crowd-pleasing run-and-gun game, the Hustle led the WBL in scoring (111 points per game) and featured the league's best all-around player, Guard Rita Easterling, an All-America at Mississippi College.

Television may have increased fan interest, but credit must also be given to the promotional wizardry of Shriver, who brought 13 years of major league experience, including three years with the White Sox, to the WBL. "I learned a great deal about operating a franchise by observing Bill Veeck," said Shriver. "That man could produce a record crowd to watch a paint-drying contest."

Using Veeck's philosophy—you can't guarantee a win, so always provide an evening's entertainment—Shriver hired the Sox' and Bulls' organist, Nancy Faust, and staged a number of giveaway nights. At midseason, the team also began handing out free Dr Peppers every time the Hustle surpassed 110 points, which it did 10 times in its remaining 18 games. A fan room was set up at DePaul University, where the Hustle played, and after games the players mixed with the spectators. The women also appeared on talk shows, and at company outings and school programs. Lu-Z-Boy hired Easterling as its Chicago representative (there is talk she will replace Joe Namath as the company's national rep as well), and other players are now receiving \$400 fees for guest appearances. As for next year, the Hustle's opening game is already sold out—that's a crowd of 5,200—season-ticket requests are coming in and WGN has again agreed to purchase the rights to televise Hustle games.

Inspired by Chicago's progress, the other teams are racing to catch up. Milwaukee, which some claim was mismanaged from the outset, has fired part of its front-office staff and is rumored to be interested in hiring Larry Costello as coach. New York owner Ed Reisdorf is moving the Stars to New York City proper and hopes to play in Madison Square Garden. This past season, playing in New Rochelle, a New York City suburb, the Stars were the best-kept secret

in sport. Mizlou, the independent network that packaged Cosmos games for three years, is negotiating to televise some Star home and away games, and WOR-TV has cleared air time for Star home games on Saturday afternoons. Pro-Keds will also feature a Star or two on its billboards and subway posters, more than likely twins Kaye and Faye Young from N.C. State, along with 76er Center Darryl Dawkins. Reisdorf is naturally encouraged. "Even the Garden people have no cynicism about the viability of the league," he says.

Having survived its "credibility year," the WBL will expand to 14, possibly 16, teams next season. All the original eight teams will be back, but Dayton, which needed more than \$96,000 from the league to pay its bills, has been sold to a Washington, D.C. group. Dallas, St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston and Los Angeles have been awarded franchises for a \$100,000 membership fee, twice what it was last year, and although Dallas has as yet no players, it has already landed a TV contract. Denver, Portland, Seattle, Philadelphia and Atlanta are the other cities being considered by the WBL. Founder Byrne says, "We will definitely be coast-to-coast, the league will be divided into three divisions—East, Midwest and West—all clubs will have some form of television (only four had TV this year), and a national TV Game of the Week is a strong possibility."

This season, with all its teams located east of the Rockies, the WBL couldn't get national advertising or expect a network contract. Now, with 100% of the major markets to be tapped, the latter is a distinct possibility. According to Byrne, the new owners have "heavy money" and they are willing to spend and more than likely lose, tax write-offs aside, \$400,000 per team next year. Top college players Ann Meyers, Lucy Harris and Carol Blazejowski are holding out to play in the 1980 Olympics, but the WBL is building its own stars. Easterling, Mayo and Iowa's Denise Sharps could hold their own against their more famous sisters.

"No sports league has ever made money in its first season," says Bill Byrne. "At the beginning of the year all we heard was, 'Do you think the WBL is really going to make it?' Now the question is, 'Where to next?'"

1980



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## The Kid is a contendah

Stu Goldstein sat eating an egg-salted sandwich at New York's Uptown Racquet Club. The man and the milieu are made for each other. Uptown is the architectural showpiece of squash, a five-story building of gentle curves, bold white walls and natural light. Goldstein is the showpiece's showpiece. Like the duplex restaurant, catwalks, pipe railings and spiral staircases, he is a fixture in the place, a sight to be seen. And a beautiful sight he is—darting about the court like a scared minnow, unleashing his lefthanded power game, putting away balls with his uncanny three-wall nick.

At 28, after only three full seasons on the pro squash tour, Goldstein has won the North American version of the world pro championship and is second-ranked to Sharif Khan. Goldstein is perhaps the fastest and fittest player on the continent.

Now, looking down on Uptown's main exhibition court, he saw a young man, lanky, mustachioed, tattooed, and a young woman, prim and blonde. The man is a pornographer-turned-novelist. The woman's name is often associated with the running of the state of Delaware. The two were playing a sociable game, and their conversation and laughter drifted up to Goldstein. He smiled, and he seemed to be telegraphing his thoughts. "This is the bright new world of squash; it's beautiful, and someday I am going to own it."

He already has come close. Late last year he was leading Sharif Khan in the Grand Prix point standings and had a 2-2 record against him for the year. After a particularly inspiring victory over Khan in the Montreal finals, Goldstein began intimating that a changing of the guard was at hand. The Boodles Open, to be played at Goldstein's home club, seemed a good time to prove his point. As usual, he and Khan made the finals. They split two games and Goldstein took a 9-3 lead in the third, always a pivotal game in a best-of-five match. But then, as often happens to him, he suddenly weakened.

*And in today's bustling game that is a worthy achievement. But a contender Stu Goldstein may remain indefinitely unless he develops a champion's killer instinct*

Khan won the game 15-11 and ran out the match. Soon afterward, Goldstein hurt his back during a round-robin tournament in San Francisco.

When he returned in January to play in the North American Open—the World Series of squash—more heartbreak awaited. After surviving two close matches, he led Gordon Anderson 2-2, 13-8 in the semis. Alas, Goldstein again wilted and lost the match in overtime, 18-16. The next day Khan blew out Anderson to take his 10th North American Open in the last 11 years.

Goldstein was left to ponder the subtle inadequacies of his game. "I need more experience and shot selection," he said. According to his peers, the problem is not so simple. They say every torment he experiences is caused by, of all things, his fanatical approach to the game.

Consider Stu Goldstein. He often trains three to six hours a day. Weight lifting has paid off—at 5'7", 138 pounds, he resembles a football halfback. (Height is insignificant in squash. It is one of the game's anomalies that the smaller they are the harder they seem to hit.)

"Stu is cat-quick and incredibly fit, and he's totally dedicated to improving himself as a player," says his friend Frank Satterthwaite, the third-ranked U.S. pro. "But he's a little brittle—both physically and psychologically. Perhaps because he's so intense, he gets more than his share of muscle pulls, and he sometimes gets so tight in a match, his game snaps. When he's hot he can blow

anyone off the court, even Khan, but he has yet to develop that capacity to dominate that all champions have."

"Stroke for stroke he's probably better than Khan," says Vic Niederhoffer, a former North American champion, "but not under match conditions. He hasn't had a gradual process of learning the way most other players did, so he's not as collected in his game."

In response Goldstein argues, "People talk as if I haven't done anything in the

*continued*



*Stu is cat-quick but remains second to King Khan*

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# SQUASH continued

last two years, but I have. I've won every major tournament I've played in but the Boodles, North American and Boston opens, and I've been second or third in those. And the reason for the change has been mental. You can't win unless you concentrate. When I'm on, I see the spin of the ball as it comes off the wall."

Even if Goldstein overstates his case, this much is true: for the first time since Niederhoffer, now retired, upset Khan in the 1975 North American Open, someone has given the U.S. game a tremendous push (the other leading pros—Sharif and Aziz Khan, Clive Caldwell, Rainer Rattus and Anderson—come from Pakistan, Australia and Canada).

Like Niederhoffer, Goldstein is a New Yorker who came from outside the U.S. squash mainstream. Each man has changed the game. Though a Harvard graduate and a power on Wall Street, Niederhoffer reminded the squash crowd of its hypocrites and helped modernize the pro tour. Goldstein, who attended a non-Ivy school (Stony Brook) and plays out of a commercial rather than private club, has taken squash yet another step. "Stu symbolizes the future of squash," says Satterthwaite. "Like leading athletes in other sports, he puts all his time into improving his game. The old amateur ethos was to say, 'Squash isn't everything. I don't train. I don't really care.' Stu not only tells you he trains, he tells you he trains harder than you do. He makes people who are new to the game and aren't Ivy Leaguers feel squash is their game, too."

As a child, Goldstein chased away his anxieties playing racket sports in Little Neck, on Long Island. As a teen-ager he was a local table-tennis champion and among the top 10 junior tennis players in the East. He happened upon squash as a 19-year-old Stony Brook freshman. By the time Goldstein graduated in 1973, he was both the undefeated No. 1 player on his tennis team and the seventh-ranked college squash player in the country.

The choice was simple. There was little money in pro squash at the time and Goldstein had his eyes on the European clay-court tennis circuit. While teaching tennis at a Long Island club, he cast about for a sponsor. Now was forthcoming: Stu stewed. Meanwhile, a bright young entrepreneur named Harry Sant was looking for teaching pros at the commercial squash clubs he was building in New York City. When he opened the first of

his ventures, the Fifth Avenue Racquet Club, in 1974, Sant hired Goldstein. Unveiling Uptown two years later, Sant transferred Goldstein there.

With Saint's blessing, Goldstein soon devoted himself full time to playing. The problem was getting invited to major tournaments. To this day Goldstein feels there was a conspiracy against him. Actually, the conspiracy was against professionals in general. At the time players advanced almost exclusively through amateur tournaments, and pro Goldstein wasn't good enough to be invited to the few open events.

Establishing a reputation was difficult. He had had little coaching and hadn't been through the usual junior or international grounding, so squash people doubted the outsider was as good as he said he was.

His response, characteristically, was to bear down, practice twice as hard and take on all comers. He was like an unknown boxer attracting attention by knocking off one big name after another. Niederhoffer called him Kid Goldstein. In the 1977 U.S. Pro, the Kid became a contender. In that tournament he knocked off two ranking players, Caldwell in the quarterfinals and Niederhoffer in the semis, before losing the first of his numerous final-round clashes with Sharif Khan. Goldstein quickly advanced from ninth to second in the pro rankings. In 1978 he was one of the most consistent players on tour. In nine official 1978 tournaments he finished first three times, second five and third once. This year Goldstein's record is second only to Khan's. Stu finished third in the North American Open and second in both the pro tournament and a five-nation round robin. Yet his future is problematic.

Sharif Khan says, "Stu's a fine player and if the game needs a new hero, fine. But I've seen so many players come and go that it would take a lot to amaze me." Vic Niederhoffer says, "Everything's in place so that if Stu relaxes and develops creativity and flows with it, varying and diversifying his game."

As ever, Goldstein has his own view. "I felt I played at the bottom of my game in the North American Open," he says. "Worst in two years. If I can play at the bottom of my game and still beat just about everyone, imagine what I can do when I'm on."

His voice was firm. His eyes asked, "Are you convinced?"

END

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## Junior jolts his elders

*Playing superbly, John McEnroe took on the world's best players, Bjorn Borg and Jimmy Connors, back to back and overwhelmed them to win the WCT championship*

**W**aiting For John McEnroe. That play has been running for some time now. Since summer, 1977: TEENAGER REACHES WIMBLEDON SEMIS. Since fall, 1978: KID UPSETS BORG IN SWEDEN'S HOMETOWN. Since winter, 1979: JUNIOR STOPS CONNORS ON DEFAULT.

It was in the warm springtime of Dallas last week that the waiting ended. In two extraordinary matches that should

be frozen forever, or at least replayed in every teaching clinic, the 20-year-old McEnroe positively overwhelmed Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg back to back to win the WCT finals.

On Friday night, after McEnroe rid the tournament of his personal demon Connors in straight sets, the loser was sufficiently humiliated to hire a private plane to whisk him out of town before

midnight. Then on Sunday afternoon McEnroe took the fight to Borg, ripping apart the green Supreme Court surface with his stiletto service, deftly maneuvering his opponent to every nook and cranny of SMU's Moody Coliseum, ultimately using his deft touch and angled placements to defeat the world champion 7-5, 4-6, 6-2, 7-6.

Through the first 27 games of the final, both McEnroe's and Borg's deliveries were so effective that only two games got to deuce. Then, from 2-2 in the third set McEnroe swept four games, at first slowing the pace with balloon balls to confuse Borg and break him in the sixth game, then warding off two break points to hold serve in the seventh.

"I could see Bjorn was tired, mentally tired," McEnroe said. But the dogged Swede kept throwing aces and serving out love games. Two of those earned Borg a 5-3 lead in the fourth set. At deuce, on McEnroe's serve, Borg was two points from tying the match, but again he couldn't handle Junior's slashing spinners from the service line. A game later at 5-4, Borg aced McEnroe and passed him down the line to come to deuce twice more. But he could come no further. After Borg's backhand approach flew long and a McEnroe backhand drive grazed the line, Junior had the sixth, the last and the most crucial break of the match.

"I felt slow and always too late," Borg said later. "When you play John you have to be absolutely on top of your game, or you lose immediately."

Though the tie-break was taut and fiery, Borg's first serve had long since deserted him. When McEnroe kept hauling out his trunkload of shots in the overtime session, Borg must have realized—as Connors had two days before—that McEnroe's immense talent and court sense had brought him to the top much sooner than expected.

World Championship Tennis has fallen on hard times, what with a curtailed circuit of eight tournaments plus a championship and no live network television contract. But, surprisingly, last week Lamar Hunt and his brown-blazered minions were throwing lavish parties, pro-

continued



*Serving torpedoes and firing hot livers down the middle, Junior blew Jimbo and Bjorn away.*

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viding cushy limousines and trotting out fabulous celebrities—Tom Landry, Princess Caroline and old, back-from-the-dead himself, Frankie Avalon. Just as surprising was that Borg, Connors and McEnroe were ready, willing and able to play in the same tournament for the second week in a row.

Before the first serve had been delivered, however, sure enough Connors informed tournament officials that he had suffered an infected callus on the little finger of his left hand while playing the previous week in Las Vegas, where he lost to Borg in the finals of something called the Alan King Caesars Palace Tennis Classic. Connors' finger got him a day's delay for his first-round match against Gene Mayer, and the McEnroe-John Alexander match was moved up to open the tournament on Tuesday. On cue, the younger of tennis' lefthanded children of churl began to squawk.

"I thought I was getting two days' rest," McEnroe bleated. "As far as I'm concerned, I'm still playing Wednesday. It's not my fault he's got a blister. I've got things wrong with me, but I'm not going to hope people feel sorry for me. I've got a callus on my hand. I've got blisters on my feet. I'm calling my father. He'll handle it with the WCT people."

Presumably John P. McEnroe Sr. couldn't handle it. McEnroe played Tuesday, but not before Connors contributed his own obligatory verbal barrage.

Arriving at the Dallas-Fort Worth airport with his pregnant wife, Patti, but without a bandage on his left hand (uh-oh), Jimbo turned down a photographer's request for a picture of the finger by saying, "If someone had a hernia, would you take a picture of that?" Thinking fast, the photographer instead snapped a picture of Patti, which he correctly figured best fingers and hernias combined.

"This is a corn," Connors announced. "I've had it for a long time. I'm playing here because I have a commitment." Later, Jimbo defined the difference in the way he and McEnroe expressed displeasure. "If you're going to get off, get off," he said. "And do it like a man, don't back off. McEnroe's young and has a way to go before he's done what I've done. He's won some titles and is now expected to win. Let's see what he does with all this pressure."

What McEnroe did was sweep past Alexander in straight sets. Meanwhile Mayer stole a tie-breaker from Connors

before losing 6-7, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1. "He was the old Jimbo, putting everything away," Mayer said. "I don't think McEnroe is mentally ready for him."

He thought wrong. Suddenly in their eighth meeting, with Connors up 6-1, it was Jimbo who seemed ill-prepared for McEnroe. Right away in the second game, Junior broke Connors' serve at 30, bringing him into the net and forcing him to scoop a forehand deep, then a volley wide. In the fourth game, McEnroe broke at 15 with a forehand pass and an offensive lob that trapped Connors at mid-court. On serve, McEnroe was devastating, both when slicing his huge lefthanded deliveries into the sideline seats or nailing flat liners down the middle.

McEnroe closed out the first set 6-1, with three service winners and an amazing, lunging pickup set, which he lobbed delicately over the thoroughly perplexed Connors' head. "I had a game plan against him," McEnroe said later. "For the first time I felt totally in control."

Which meant that McEnroe alternately kept blasting and feathering the ball deep, blasting Connors' aggressive game so that he himself could attack. The Mac attack, as it were, grew from his effectiveness on serve. "I don't think I've ever served better," McEnroe said, and he may have been right; Connors got only 25 points in McEnroe's 14 service games.

In the eighth game of the second set, Connors finally made a move on a service break to 4 all, but McEnroe broke back on a purely invented backhand retrieve from the baseline of what seemed a certain winning job. Connors appeared so shocked that McEnroe was able to get the ball, much less flip it back at such a sharp angle, that he swung wildly, knocking the riposte way out of bounds. The same thing happened in the next game, on set point, when McEnroe caught up with another Connors lob, lofted it back and watched as Jimbo's answering overhead flew long.

In the third set only the players' frequent yammering against the chair umpire prolonged the outcome. McEnroe would scream and stall. Then Connors would mimic him, stalling himself or screaming between points. "In or out? You're doing a lousy job," Connors yelled at the chair.

"You going to let this keep up?" McEnroe yelled at the chair.

"Call your daddy," a heckler kept shouting at McEnroe.

But Junior didn't need help. On a last gasp Connors led 4-3 with two break points in the eighth game. Quickly McEnroe smacked another dynamite serve off Jimbo's racket. Then, during a marvelous series of wicked counterpunching by both men, at least twice McEnroe appeared out of the second breaker, and thus the game.

But he wasn't. At the end of the tenuous point McEnroe drilled an angled backhand and Connors dived for it, but late; the game was saved. McEnroe won 10 of the next 11 points—the total spread ended up 98-69—all three remaining games and the match, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4.

"Jimmy is an angry young man. He will not talk to the press," WCT spokesman Rod Humphries said. "He asked Patti, 'Who's got the keys?' He has left the building. Maybe the city."

"How about the country?" someone said.

While Connors was en route back to the drawing board, Borg was using the other semifinal to dissect Vitas Gerulaitis. After the two had walloped Geoff Masters and Brian Gottfried, respectively, it seemed that Gerulaitis' newly fashioned, open-stance serve might turn their customary track meet his way. But for the 12th straight time it was not to be, Borg winning 7-5, 7-6, 2-6, 6-2 in their best match since their classic semifinal at the 1977 Centenary Wimbledon.

Borg was asked if he was surprised that McEnroe would be waiting for him on Sunday instead of Connors.

"No," said Borg, who had split four matches with his upstart rival. "He has all the shots. You have to be quick in the legs to play against this guy and his serve. It all depends on him."

It all depends on him. If that's not acknowledgment of how far tennis' bold new prince has come, nothing is. McEnroe had blown eight match points in a loss to Borg earlier this year in Richmond, but when he had—as the press say—the match on his racket in Dallas, he crushed an ace down the middle to win the tie-break.

"McEnroe is the equal of anyone I've ever played," John Alexander said last week. "I've played them all now, and he's the toughest."

"There is only one true genius in the game, and his name is Junior," said Sandy Mayer.

Who's got the keys? John McEnroe has got the keys.

END



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If we have learned anything at all in the past few seasons about the San Antonio Spurs, it is that they are not a normal everyday pro basketball team. What they are fairly faithfully reflects their city, which is about as American as enchiladas and about as laid back as bedlam. Early last week, for instance, it was a San Antonio gone muy loco on the occasion of the Spurs' first playoff series victory since 1968, when they were still operating out of Dallas as the ABA Chaparrals.

That their victims were the Philadelphia 76ers, chased out of town with *huevos rancheros* all over their faces after the Spurs' 111-108 seventh-game stunner, meant little compared to the fact that the Spurs finally won. This rare happenstance ignited 16,055 fans and a whole city into a scene reminiscent of V-J Day. Around town flags waved, horns honked, bars overflowed. Out on the court revelers danced and Mexican hat-dancers climbed the basket stanchions and spilled torrents of Lone Star beer. A meek P.A. announcement—"Come on, we need this floor to play Washington next week"—went unheeded.

In the locker room, various Spur luminaries sang the praises of—well, themselves. George (Iceman) Gervin declared that he was the key to the game, and thereby the series, what with his 33 points against the Rookie of the Playoffs, Philadelphia's Maurice Cheeks. "The rap was out that Cheeks was doing a heck of a defensive job on me," said Lee. "So I made up my mind to destroy him."

Mike Green, the back-up center who had filled in for the injured Billy Paultz with 20 points and eight rebounds and who canned the basket that ensured victory, suggested that he was the key Spur, and said of his opponent Darryl Dawkins, the villain (as far as the Spurs' fans were concerned) of the series, "Dawkins can take that mouth of his on an extended summer tour."

Guard James Silas, he of the miraculous comeback after two years off with a knee injury, said that he would make the difference in the conference finals against Washington. Team owner Angelo

Drossos pronounced the moment "the greatest of my life," and Doug Moe, the mellowest coach in America, said, "I ain't thinking about Washington. I'm thinking about drinking beer and going home to Big Jane," which is how he always refers to Mrs. Moe.

Whatever camaraderie existed between the coach and his boss was momentary at best, because for months stories had been circulating that because of their differing philosophies, Moe will be removed from his post with one year remaining on his contract, regardless of the outcome of the playoffs. This rumor was fueled by, of all people, Philadelphia General Manager Pat Williams, who was quoted in a San Antonio newspaper as telling an acquaintance, "I understand that Doug is through here." Williams may meet the same fate, along with his coach, Billy Cunningham.

In case one noticed, the 76ers departed from the playoffs for the third straight year A.D. (Anno Doctori), and in each of those years they have made their exit one round earlier. Next year the mini-series? Meanwhile, the improbable Spurs added to the playoff hysteria on Friday by snatching the home-court advantage away from the Bullets with a 118-97 runaway in Landover, their first win ever there. The Spurs went back to San Antonio with the series tied after losing Game 2 Sunday 115-95.

The Spurs have a fine fast break and a hot-shooting offense, but purists who favor a quiet, workmanlike, unselfish team must look elsewhere. For on top of all those egos rides probably the biggest of them all, that of the man who is as important to the Spurs as anyone, 26-year-old Forward Larry Kenon. Believe this: Kenon is one of the four or five best small forwards in the NBA. His numbers over the regular season—22.1 average, 50% shooting, 9.6 rebounds and four assists a game—compare favorably with those of the bigger names. And Kenon's 27 points and eight rebounds in the clincher against Philadelphia were as crucial as Gervin's, Green's and Silas' contributions.

To anyone who asks him, Kenon makes his own opinion of himself per-

continued



Kenon spurred San Antonio past Philadelphia

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## PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

fectly clear. "I'm the best all-round forward in the game," he says. "If anyone takes the trouble to look, they'll see that I'm the one who makes our team go. I'm the most important guy out there. I love to rebound and run the ball right up the court. I was the first forward to do that. Now others are imitating me. I make cross-court passes that no one else dares, and then I follow the ball like I got it tied to a string. I play good defense, though I don't get a lot of credit for that. Look, I'm not out for an argument. I say that I'm the best. Anybody else has the right to say that about himself."

While some of the other small forwards have better statistics in some categories, none is better in all of them than Kenon, and all have had more acclaim. "Go ahead," says Kenon, "throw the names at me."

• Julius Erving: "I'm a better rebounder than he is."

• Walter Davis: "He can't rebound or play defense like I can."

• Marques Johnson: "He can't pass like I can."

• Bernard King: "He can't run like I can."

When it comes to his current foil, Washington's Bobby Dandridge, Kenon pulls up short. "I'm not going to give him anything to chew on," says Kenon. "Why don't people just watch our series and see for themselves?" In Game 1, Kenon had 24 points and 21 rebounds compared to 25 points and eight rebounds for Dandridge. On Sunday Kenon scored 25, with eight rebounds and Dandridge had 21 and 10 rebounds.

"Now you look at those 21 boards [in Game 1] and tell me that they weren't the key to the game," says Kenon. "If I don't get the ball, we don't run. If we don't run, Ice doesn't get his points, Silas doesn't get his points and we don't win. I'm just pointing out the facts."

At the conclusion of the playoffs, Kenon's original six-year contract will expire and he likely will be the league's hottest free agent, after Bill Walton. To teams like Chicago, San Diego, Golden State, New York or Denver, Kenon could be just the man to fill a void. Though Kenon has done no negotiating with the Spurs since early in the season, the feeling among several team officials is that the rightfisted Drossos will not come across with the kind of money—oh, say, \$300,000 to \$500,000—that Kenon can ask for, and probably get, elsewhere.

*continued*

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Additionally, there is the feeling that Drossos, seeking more respect in the NBA community, may want to tone down the Spurs from the running, gunning, jingling, jangling outfit that they've become, an image particularly enhanced by Moe's throw-it-up-and-let-'em-play coaching style.

"If there's any way possible," says Kenon about his impending free agency, "I'll be back. But I don't feel like I owe anybody anything. If they don't come up with what I feel I deserve, I'll just have to say thank you and goodbye."

San Antonio is not a media capital, witness the fact that it took Gervin several years to be "discovered," and then only because he became the first guard ever to win consecutive NBA scoring titles. Given Kenon's history, no wonder he is upset at remaining in the shadows.

It has been that way all of his career, beginning in Birmingham, Ala., where he played just one year of high school basketball after growing from 6' 0" to 6' 7" in a year and a half. Following a stint at Amarillo (Texas) Junior College, he went to Memphis State where, in his one season, 1972-73, he took the team from obscurity to the NCAA finals. That game in the St. Louis Checkerdome was one of the more memorable finals, but not for anything Kenon did. That was the game in which UCLA's Walton had what many remember as the greatest individual college game ever played—hitting 21 of 22 field-goal attempts. "Well, it wasn't me who checked him," says Kenon.

From there Kenon joined the ABA's New York Nets and became a rookie starter opposite Erving, after whom he had been named "Dr. K" at Memphis State. That year the Nets won the ABA championship, and Kenon was demoted to Mr. K, "as the Nets already had a Doctor," he says.

Kenon was inspired by Erving's ballistic game and took some vestiges of it with him when he was traded to San Antonio in 1975. He has played in the last two NBA All-Star games, but only now, as the Spurs finally get the attention they should have gotten long ago, is Kenon getting any real notice.

"Some people say I'm cocky," says Kenon. "I know that's how I sound. But I know the difference between cocky and confident. I don't want anybody to think that I'm flying off the handle. Like I say, people can just watch me and make up their own minds."

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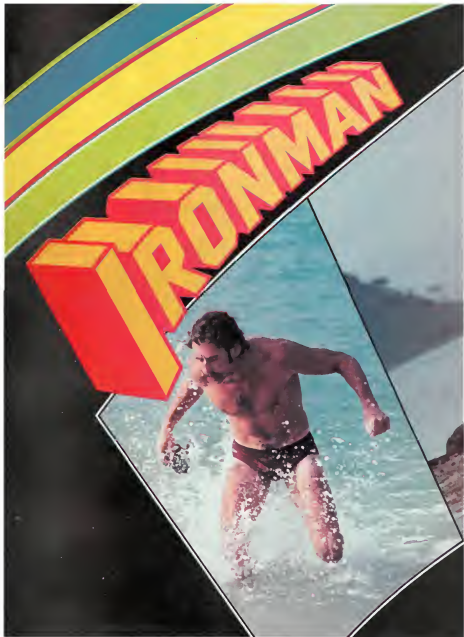
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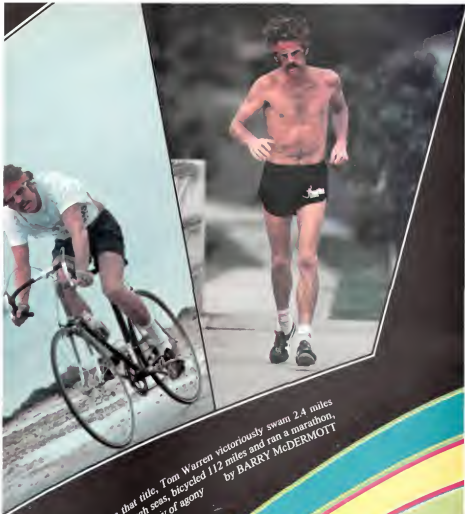
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# Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF





To earn that title, Tom Warren victoriously swam 2.4 miles through rough seas, bicycled 112 miles and ran a marathon, all in a single day of agony  
by BARRY McDERMOTT

CONTINUED

He was taking the gale head-on now, but at least the stinging rain had stopped and his mind was still working. Keep concentrating, Tom Warren told himself. Still 20 miles to go, most of it into that awful wind, the same gale he had been fighting for 120 miles and almost nine hours. The bass drum in his leg was getting louder, and his head flopped sideways.

Up ahead stood a man and his wife, pounchy, middle-aged Hawaiian tourists, watching a spectacle outside their ken. Past the astonished couple the runner stumbled, shirtless, eyes down, concentrating to avoid delusion and shock. Finally the tourist could be quiet no longer. "Go, Iron Man!" he shouted. "Go, Iron Man!" Tom Warren, age 35, shuffled off. Still 20 miles to go. And the others were back there chasing him.

The athlete had been stung by a jellyfish and partially blinded by salt water. He had been lost and confused. Physically he was a mess. But still he kept on in this, the Hawaiian Iron Man Triathlon, an event that involved swimming 2.4 miles in perilously stormy seas, then bicycling 112 miles around the island of Oahu, followed by a 26.2-mile marathon run. A fellow in a Superman outfit was among the competitors. They all shared a common reason for being there, a very compelling reason (some called it a curse): an addiction to inordinate amounts of exercise.

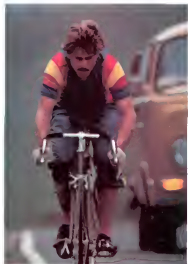
Warren did not want to take leave of his agony and look up at the distracting grandeur of the distant mountains. A man endures torture believing the end will come. On a bet Warren once did 400 sit-ups in a sauna. The man he bet against was to keep count, but he wilted in the intense heat and quit after 300. "You're crazy," he told Warren. Warren did the last 100 alone in the sauna. The prize was a bottle of beer.

That morning 15 people, including a woman, had ignored the boundaries of sanity and started the contest. It was a Sunday in January, the stormy season for Honolulu and the middle of one of the worst stretches of weather in recent years. In six days, five feet of rain had fallen in Hilo on the nearby big island of Hawaii. Now the waters off Waikiki boiled and frothed, stirred by winds of 40 miles per hour. A Navy officer of two decades of seagoing experience could not get his boat out of the harbor. That meant there would be only one rescue vessel in seas of four to six feet during the swim from the War Memorial Natatorium to Hilton Channel. The competitors were undeterred. This was a legal way to prove their toughness.

Originally 28 people had said they would enter—including three with shaved heads, one of whom wore an earring. Of those only 16 milled about in the early-morning dark-

ness. The sky was black and the wind bent the palm trees. The vote was 13-3 to race. A balking, apprehensive woman entrant wondered why. "Everybody has to make their own decision," yelled a man in a rain slicker, one hand holding the hat on his head. "It's just like life." The woman walked away. She had dropped out of school and trained for a year to be in the contest. Still, she figured her life was worth more than that.

The Iron Man contest was born when someone wondered what would happen if endurance tests in swimming, bicycling and running were piled on one another in a single event. Twelve people finished the 1978 Triathlon. Three did not. One fellow turned delirious and quit. Another inexplicably said that he would run only 14 miles in the marathon. And the third wrecked his bike. He was unhurt, naturally, being an Iron Man, but his fretful father persuaded him to retire. All finishers received five-inch-high



John Dunbar repeated his second-place finish.

Lyn Lemaire, the only woman, finished fifth; Gordon Haller, 1978 winner, nearly got lost at sea.



trophies made of nuts and bolts, each with a hole in the top, or, you might say, the head.

It would seem not much of an award for so great an effort, but the significance of the event is that there is no apparent significance. No prize money is involved, and little fame; last year's winner, bearded Gordon Haller, a 28-year-old retired taxi driver, was delighted to read a short race report in a Honolulu newspaper. Better yet, friends started sending him mail addressed "Iron Man." The 1978 event began as an experiment and included a mixed bunch of casual entrants. One fellow could barely tread water. Another bought a bicycle and learned to ride it the day before the race. In the run, a contestant stopped at McDonald's for a soft drink. The man who won the swim had a bad knee from an old karate injury and needed eight hours to complete the marathon. Organizer John Collins, a Navy commander, did not foresee that Gordon Haller and a college student named John Dunbar would bite the athletic bullet and almost kill themselves in the first contest.

Last year Dunbar splashed out of the ocean with a 20-minute lead over Haller. As Haller chased him the rest of the day, Dunbar slowly crumbled. He was not adequately prepared. The night before, he had been up until midnight packing supplies. After the swim he had to borrow cycling shorts for the bicycle ride, and then his support van became lost. Ten miles from the marathon finish, and hallucinating, Dunbar ran out of drinking water and guzzled two cans of beer.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER READ MILLER

Haller caught Dunbar four different times. On the first two occasions Dunbar had stopped to have his legs massaged. The third time he had stopped to urinate. Finally Haller passed Dunbar for good and finished in 11 hours and 46 minutes, running the last five miles in 31 minutes as Dunbar's physiological warning lights flashed and alarm bells sounded. Dunbar's time was 12:20. At the end he was staggering into parked cars and accusing his support-van driver of trying to poison him.

That was totally out of character for the 25-year-old Dunbar, a blond, open-faced fellow who is very good-natured and shy around strangers. He ran in a women's race last year wearing a T shirt that read TOKYO. But there is a serious side to Dunbar, and he had seethed ever since his 1978 defeat. When people mime his hardened competitive spirit, they clench their fists and make chomping, biting gestures, evidently comparing him with an implacable snapping turtle.

In the Navy Dunbar had been a member of the Seals, an elite underwater demolition group. On ambush training patrols, Seals are not allowed to swat mosquitoes, and during 23 weeks of schooling they are at times in mud all but three hours a day; that is when they sleep. One of the tough parts is log training, when a group of men run with a 300-pound log on their shoulders, shouting, "Kill." Seals are supposed to have the highest divorce rate, as well as dropout rate, in the military, but they think it unfair to them to be considered only as zealots who, on bets, bite heads off chickens or eat glass. They say they are looking for challenges.

Dunbar's rival, Haller, also was in the Navy. "The Seals aren't so tough," he says. "There were a few in my unit and I was tougher than they were."

Haller grew up in Forest Grove, Ore. as a studious, bashful sort. He took a degree in physics at Pacific University.

continued

# IRONMAN

continued

Since then he has raised a beard, learned to modulate his voice at radio broadcast school, taken a speed-reading course, let his hair grow, studied the power of positive thinking, shed his timid ways and resculpted his body on exercise equipment. Around strangers he wears tight T-shirts and subtly pops his muscles. Old friends don't recognize him. The revamped Haller finds joy in odd accomplishments; he is, for example, an expert on TV cartoon trivia. Someday he hopes to run cross-country—that is to say, across the entire country, the continental United States. Meanwhile, his average yearly income runs between \$4,000 and \$5,000. He gave up driving a cab and now repairs roofs. More exercise to be had doing that.

Competing is Haller's real profession; he will sign entry blanks the rest of his life. "I'm good at it," he says. "If you've got a talent, don't waste it. Also, I like the feeling of power." During the months preceding the defense of his Iron Man title Haller trained back home in Oregon, running and swimming through fog, cold, rain, ice and snow, and pedaling his bicycle indoors on rollers. He drove 80 miles round trip several times weekly to exercise on Nautilus equipment. He has seen the movie *Superman* twice. A favorite scene is when the man of steel scans Lois Lane's lungs for cancer. Haller will not date a girl who smokes. He says he is happy.

Some people associate times of their lives with popular songs or love affairs. Haller does it with injuries. Thus, 1972 was the year he sprained his ankle four times. And he will never forget 1969. He was sick then for nine months, a fever precipitated by his exaggerated regimen. He was working out three times a day, had two girl friends, was staying up all night to study for exams and was preparing to run the quarter mile and half mile in a track meet. In succession he had mononucleosis, strep throat, hepatitis, dysentery, tonsillitis and trench mouth. His legs became paralyzed. "Then I really got sick," he says. His convulsions were so severe that he suf-

fered a double hernia. "It was a good time to lay back and reflect on life—what was left of it," Haller lost 28 pounds in one week. "At the end of the week, Neil Armstrong walked on the moon and I ate my first meal," he recalls.

Haller played the trumpet to ease the boredom of convalescence. Then his face became partially paralyzed. But worse, he felt, was the deterioration of his athletic skills. Frantically he fought against it. "I liked my crutches because they were building up my triceps," he says. Haller sneaked a rubber inner tube under his bedcovers and surreptitiously exercised with it, and, when nobody was home, he slipped outside and ran around the block. His time was 3:12, a minor disappointment. He rested and slept for three days, then did it again in 2:52. There is a big star in Haller's workout log for Jan. 5, 1970, the day the doctors pronounced him cured.

Now, on a spooky morning on Oahu, the competitors contemplated the start of this year's Iron Man contest. Ahead were hours promising pain, mental anguish and significant physical danger. John Dunbar arrived at the starting line wearing a Superman costume sewn by the sister of one of his support crew. Also present was "Cowman," 34, a bearded 6'3" individual weighing 215 pounds who competes in distance runs while wearing "caveman pants" and a buffalo hat made of fake fur with two large cow horns protruding from it. Another fellow had on a football helmet. Haller huddled in a rain jacket. And Tom Warren paced nervously. Warren had arrived as an unknown quantity from San Diego, where he owns a bar called *Tug's Tavern*. His trip cost \$1,000, suggesting he could be just as serious about the event as Gordon Haller or John Dunbar. "Some people would take the \$1,000 and buy furniture, but this is something you'll have with you for the rest of your life," Warren said.

That may be the essence of this type of contest. In San Francisco there is a man with a curlicued, waxed mustache four feet wide. It has changed a dull life. Writers interview him, and women are fascinated. Crowds part before him, and celebrities ask for his autograph. To Warren, the Iron Man contest does much the same thing. Warren is a blithe, irrepressible imp who speaks in an almost breathless voice, his eyes magnified behind his glasses. He says he does a secret type of sit-up and claims the bad feature of racing is that it interrupts his training routine. "I could never associate racing with pain," he says. "It's like going to school. You have to take exams to find where you stand."

On superficial inspection the triumvirate of Warren, Haller and Dunbar might appear to be the same person, one fanatic inhabiting three bodies. However, there are differences. Warren is able to combine a lust for training with the successful operation of his tavern, while Haller would be content never to work another day. Dunbar is somewhere in the middle. Believing that physical conditioning can become a cult activity, he vowed that this Iron Man contest would be his last, win or lose.

Commander Collins had postponed the race one day, then had delayed the scheduled 7 a.m. start, afraid not only

continued



Warren serves up tacos in his San Diego saloon.

## WOULD MYSTERY DIM THE STAR OF THE EAST?



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that someone might drown in the turbulent passage but that during the 112-mile bike segment a sudden squall might unsettle a rider. Warren was thinking of the wind, too. He planned to use it to his advantage on the bike leg, figuring he could ride it down the entire back side of the island, using his body as a sail. For this purpose he had installed an unusually high gear on his bike. He hoped to leave the younger fellows like Haller and Dunbar so far behind that they never would recover.

With starting time near, German martial music blared from Dunbar's van as he changed from his Superman costume into swim trunks. At the water's edge, Cowman, wearing his horned hat, knelt before the ocean.

"How are conditions?" one of the competitors asked a spectator.

"Terrible," came the answer.

"Good," was the reply.

The contest rules stipulated that each swimmer be escorted by a paddler. Finding one certainly would be no problem, since it is assumed that any young able-bodied man in Hawaii can handle himself in water. Well, 40 minutes into the race one of the paddlers had to be rescued. Unfortunately, he was Jamie Neely. Haller's guide, Neely said he was sorry, but he really was afraid for his life.

Ocean swimming is not like swimming in a pool, where Haller had trained diligently for 12 months. Last year in calm seas he managed the ocean swim in about 80 minutes. This time he hoped to lop off 20 minutes, improve significantly in the other events and complete the contest in 10 hours or less. In Oregon a few weeks before, he did half a triathlon at a 9:12 overall pace. But now, without a paddler, navigation became as much a problem as the high, cold seas. As Haller zigzagged, trying to stay on course, his strength was being sapped, as if he were swimming in jelly.

First out of the ocean was Ian Emberson, a 27-year-old restaurant manager for a Honolulu hotel. His time was 62 minutes and 35 seconds, a pace of 2.3 miles per hour. For comparison, distance swimmer Lynne Cox averaged 2.1 miles per hour on her most recent English Channel (20-mile) swim. Old Tom Warren finished four minutes later. Then in quick succession John Dunbar and Mike Collins, son of the Commander, arrived. The 16-year-old Collins was so debilitated that it would take him 14½ hours to complete the bike ride. Dunbar was thoroughly chilled, his body shaking and his arms and legs flopping about uncontrollably. A tourist looked on worriedly and said, "Doesn't he need rest?" As Dunbar climbed on his bicycle to take after Emberson and Warren, Haller was still hidden somewhere back in the swells of the ocean.

After the early finishers scrambled out of the water, the mood of Haller's support crew grew somber. Lyn Lemaire, a 27-year-old Bostonian and the only woman competing, emerged at the 76-minute mark. At length the defending champion was sighted, barely moving. Ten yards from shore, in water so shallow he could have stood, he weakly splashed in place. Finally he got up, stumbled and almost fell. "Is that all there is?" he wheezed. His time was 112 minutes.

He was in ninth place, about 20 miles behind the cycling leaders. For this he had trained a solid year.

There were those who expected Haller to quit, in exasperation if not in exhaustion. Winning seemed no more than a remote possibility. But Haller is convinced he is tougher than a Seal. He showered, changed clothes, swallowed some high-energy liquid nourishment and wobbled off after Warren, Dunbar and the others. Last year the bearded athlete had passed willing rivals throughout the bike race. Maybe he could do so again. Now was the time to cash in on those days of pain recorded in his training logs.

Most of the Iron Man contestants keep precise training diaries. To them they are canceled checks to peruse fondly. Haller logs not only every shred of physical activity, but also each morsel of food and the time it was consumed. Junk food is underlined. He records his pulse rate, his sleeping time, injuries and the quality of the day. Tom Warren not only chronicles his daily exercise but makes copies that he sends each month to friends around the country. Most of them get thrown away; some do not. Fifteen years ago Warren swam for the University of Southern California. He has a standing bet with each year's swim team that he can do more exercise mileage per month than the entire team can do in practice. Coach Peter Deland reads Warren's monthly exercise tallies to the squad. Once Warren rode his bike from San Diego to Los Angeles, rolling onto the Southern Cal campus and into the natatorium to hand-deliver the workout sheet. The swimmers applauded.

Opinions differ as to what worthy competition is, what toughness is. To some, it is playing in a Super Bowl—or making enough money to drive a Mercedes-Benz. Last year a television-network president was interviewed at a college basketball game in New York City. Since then he has been replaced, which is perhaps immaterial, but at the time he commented that he was in his office daily at 7 a.m., and ate both lunch and dinner at his desk. He had taken a limousine uptown to see the first half of the basketball game but had to return to the office right after the interview. He usually knocked off around midnight, he said. There were a wife and kids at home. The contest he was competing in may not have been for everyone, but he said he was happy.

Among the Iron Man entries was an individual with a master's degree in exercise physiology, another with a degree in accounting, a fellow applying to law school, a research anesthesiologist, the treasurer of a San Francisco leasing company and Haller with his physics degree. Disparate as their backgrounds were, they shared a common bond. Henry Forrest, a Marine stationed in Jacksonville, N.C., had hitched rides on military transport planes to get to Honolulu. Until the 1978 Iron Man Triathlon, he had not ridden a bike since the fourth grade and had become lost during the race. He hoped to improve on his performance this year. People thought his name was Forrester, because when introduced he said rapidly, "Henry Forrest, sir."

continued



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Pedaling along during the first part of the bike race, Warren reflected that this would be a momentous day. His presence near the lead was surprising. A businessman closing in on middle age, he had less time for training than the unemployed Haller and Dunbar. When Dunbar, disgusted at the event's one-day postponement, had impulsively announced on Saturday that he would challenge Haller to do the course that day—just the two of them, man against man—off to the side stood Warren, unnoticed. No one thought to challenge the saloonkeeper. So Warren went down to a Waikiki bar, drank beer in solitude and watched a week-old television replay of the Hula Bowl.

While Haller and Dunbar were with friends, Warren was staying alone in a cut-rate hotel that had black-and-white TV sets with 12-inch screens. After 8 p.m. he couldn't be reached by phone. Warren had not trained in four days. He felt fat. And the weather was getting worse. Reports from the mountains mentioned snow and waterfalls where the water was being blown upward by the fierce wind. That night Warren turned up at dinner with some fans of the Iron Man contest; he was, by and large, ignored. The discussion centered on the merits of Haller and Dunbar, on which of those two had the better chance to win. Eventually Warren spoke up. "I just want to be a factor," he said. In the movie *Rocky*, Sylvester Stallone, playing a heavyweight challenger, said, "I just want to go the distance." Warren would not contradict the notion that the race would belong to Haller or Dunbar, but he wanted to go the distance, too, to be a factor.



Warren has owned his bar in San Diego for 10 years. It is a business not lacking in competition. The record for Thursday-night taco dinners is 1,519. The Sunday breakfast record is 1,003 omelets. One floor of Warren's four-level, \$220,000 house is "Tug's Athletic Club." It has a whirlpool bath, a sauna and a weight machine. He also owns apartments and a five-bedroom, 80-year-old house that he and 15 friends once occupied. When he runs on the beach he stops at lifeguard stations to write down business ideas. His grammar isn't perfect, but in his business that is good cash-flow strategy.

With all of the entrants, Warren shares the love for competition, but, surprisingly, he hates gambling. "The gratification of winning money isn't as high as the discomfort of losing, therefore the odds are bad," he says. But he will bet on his body. For fun, he even competes over the time he can sit in the whirlpool. "Fat people are tough to beat. Especially women with those little skirts on their swimsuits."

Warren remembers when he first realized he was different. There was a boy in his neighborhood, a good swimmer, and the boy's parents urged the youngsters to race. Warren besitated. The parents insisted. Tom Warren won, and afterward he cried, not because he won, but because he had to win.

In college he was a good swimmer, but teammates were

better. They had been swimming seriously since infancy; he had started organized competitive swimming when he was 16. Warren will not play racquetball anymore and this is why. One regular opponent had beaten him repeatedly. Warren improved and finally won. The other fellow refused to play again. Warren wanted to keep beating him. He has not married; he is afraid he would always be badgering his children to work harder.

After a dozen miles of bicycling, Warren caught Emberson on a steep hill overlooking the Pacific, a point where the wind was so bad Warren's support car almost was blown off the road. The Californian bored ahead and broke the other man like a dry stick. Emberson swims five miles a day and carries his ocean gear to work, just in case conditions are conducive to swimming the channel between Oahu and Molokai, a 26-mile trip. But he is not a cyclist and had run only one marathon.

As the race developed, the rain stopped and two things became apparent. Warren was holding his lead and he was being chased by a woman. Lyn Lemaire was about 10 minutes behind and matching his pace. Emberson and Dunbar were falling back while Haller, feeling better now, was slowly gaining ground on them all. When Lemaire pedaled past Dunbar, Superman appeared startled, then asked a crew member, "Is she in the race?" Lemaire smugly turned and waved. She holds the American women's cycling record for 25 miles (1:00.6). At 5' 6" and 148 pounds she is not a whole lot smaller than Warren, Dunbar and Haller, who are about 5' 10" and 155 pounds.

Going down the length of the island, Dunbar trailed Warren by 15 minutes, then 30. He thought, "When is he going to stop?" Warren, the man who does sit-ups in saunas, was dreaming of cool rides through the evenings back home and thinking, "If I don't stop, nobody can catch me." His eyes watered from saltwater irritation, no big problem; Warren does not feel pain as most people do. He won't allow himself to. Yet his feet are so tender that he has tried running races wearing women's nylon ankle socks to prevent blisters. It didn't help. Warren claimed to be in only mediocre shape, "but sometimes it's more fun that way," which is to say the challenge is greater.

Warren's mother, Josephine, comes from an athletic family. His father, George, who died in 1966, was a senior vice-president of a savings and loan bank, and had earned a college scholarship by playing the bugle. Tom's brother, Bill, is seven years older and, like his father, not interested in sports. Consequently, Tom grew up tugging at the sleeves of older kids who did not want to be bothered; hence his nickname Tug. The frustrated youth amused himself with solitary games. He set a record by swimming three miles, a total of 500 laps, in the 11-meter family pool. Only he knew it was a record. When racing, he wants the lead so no one can see the pain on his face.

As the bicycle race went on, Warren decided that if he stopped because of fatigue, he would act as if he had a flat tire. He knew Dunbar and Haller were back there hoping.

continued

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Warren's support crew symbolized his haphazard approach to the race. Dunbar and Haller each had four people and two vehicles with them, and Dunbar's crew included Dr. Kent Davenport, an orthopedic surgeon, who had put the former Seal on a special diet. He was using an \$800 bike and someone always rode alongside, helping to pace him. Warren had asked Hank Grundman, the proprietor of two local Nautilus fitness centers, to find a vehicle and two support drivers. First Grundman wanted a promise from Warren that he would not keep his support crew on the course all night. "I just want to be a factor," Warren told him. His eventual, minimal crew consisted of Stu Malmgren, a 240-pound occasional jogger, and Sue Nakamatsu, a hair stylist. Warren did not have a backup bike. As the race progressed, his crew's mood ran from initial surprise, to enthusiasm, to awe.

Turning back toward Honolulu, Warren's path took him up Route 99, a tortuously steep grade that arrows through pineapple and sugar-cane fields, and directly into the wind. On this stretch Ian Emberson balanced almost motionless, making virtually no forward progress against the gale. Warren began the six-mile climb with a 30-minute lead over Le-

maire and a bit more over Dunbar, but the pursuers took an alternate route that was more sheltered and made up great chunks of time. The woman cyclist closed to within five minutes. "Where's the girl?" Warren kept shouting. He started pumping harder.

Fighting their way far behind the increasingly concerned leader, Haller and Dunbar hoped that their chance would come in the marathon when Warren finally might collapse. Haller is a fine runner, and Dunbar, in the last year, had improved so much in the marathon that his best time now was two hours and 39 minutes. If he wanted to concentrate on the event and lose 25 pounds, he probably could become world class. In 1977, his final year at Honolulu's Champlain University, Dunbar lived on campus, sleeping in a van for six months. Now that he had graduated, he was staying in a one-room cottage that rented for \$160 a month—nothing much, but a spacious dwelling to someone accustomed to life in a 6' by 15' metal box on wheels. Dunbar planned to apply to law school and to get a job as soon as the contest was over. It had been a long year. During the previous week the normally placid youth had noticed that his pulse rate was up.

continued



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# IRONMAN

continued

Leader Tom Warren pedaled into downtown Honolulu, hunched over his bicycle, legs churning so hard that his support car was having trouble keeping pace. When he pulled up to the finish line, he discarded his bike, smeared Vaseline on his feet and shed his shirt to reveal a back turned scarlet by exertion. A television man stuck a microphone at him. "How do you feel?" he said loudly, like a man yelling down a cave.

"I don't feel like dancing," answered Warren.

His time in the bike ride was six hours and 19 minutes, the Oahu bicycle club would be embarrassed to know; a fine time for a fresh club member on the same course is just under six hours. Warren had all but buried his fagged rivals in the final 25 miles. The second-place cyclist, Lemaire, finished 11 minutes behind Warren after leg cramps stopped her eight times in the last 10 miles. In the same stretch, Dunbar halted and switched bikes twice because he was uncomfortable on the seat. His eyes were reeking, his face drawn and wan, his complexion going fishy.

Up ahead, early in his marathon phase, a factor named Tom Warren jogged past Waikiki Beach and down the middle of Kalakaua Avenue, serenely singing the Southern Cal fight song. If he won the contest, Warren planned to purchase a \$600 wooden lion. He is amazed by such artifacts. His tavern has a mock smokestack and a ship painted on the side of the building.

Warren's typical garb is shorts and T shirt. Once in France he noticed that people were whispering. He asked his Parisian girl friend why. "They think you're vulgar," she sniffed. The athlete had been walking to the Seine River in his bathing suit and goggles for a swim. As he ran through downtown Honolulu, dodging in and out of traffic, his back burnished red, no one paid him any heed.

About five miles into the marathon Warren knew that Dunbar had passed Lemaire and Emberson but was trailing by almost 30 minutes. The other threat, Haller, was another 30 minutes behind that because of his disastrous swim. Warren was reminded of a friend who for a year told the story of Warren winning a 15-mile lake race. "And he never broke stroke?" the man would say. Now as he plodded dumbly into the wind, Warren knew that the young man behind him could not catch up. "Don't break stroke," he thought over and over.

Life's tailings have significance for Tom Warren, who cherishes what most people throw away. Occasionally he will run from San Diego to Tijuana, Mexico. Then when someone asks how far he ran that day, he can shrug and say, "To Tijuana." People are impressed. "You need the incentive," he says.

Basically, he is deformed. When he tires, he grows silent, his right leg splay out and his head tilts toward his right shoulder. At 22 months he fell and broke his leg. It itched. Three times he broke off the cast by smashing it against a wall. Finally it was reinforced with steel. The leg healed crookedly. Most times, you cannot tell, but when he is fatigued his body leans grotesquely. Good runners blanch

when he passes them, as if to say, "If I can't beat that, I quit."

Watching fatigue overtake the leader, onlookers were sure that he was finally unraveling. Johnny Faerber, a local marathoner, jumped in to run with Warren, offering counsel in the soothing tones of a man comforting a sick animal. With about 10 miles to go, Faerber whispered to a spectator, "I don't think he's going to make it." Four miles behind, Dunbar's handlers were goading their charge with this message: Warren is cracking up. Keep going. Keep going.

Faerber had no way of knowing that the splay-footed runner laboring beside him did not have a high pain threshold, but simply no threshold at all. Warren listened impassively to Faerber's advice. He had decided to win the Iron Man contest, and so he slogged on, measuring his stride against a series of dotted highway markers. The pain in his leg was a reverberating drum. All day long he had eaten only an orange and a roll. He would go the distance.

Suddenly, Gordon Haller loomed up ahead in the distance. Warren's route had doubled back on itself toward Honolulu and the finish line in Kapiolani Park. Almost nine miles behind the leader, Haller had stopped to take a drink. His handlers surrounded him. Warren speeded up significantly, his stride lengthened and his head was held upright. Upon seeing him, Haller was incredulous at the apparent absence of pain. He was getting a competitor's view of Warren's face for the first time in nine hours.

Examining the race leader's composed features, Haller felt as if he had been shot. In the next hour Dunbar came to feel the same way. In his final Iron Man contest he would be a loser.

Ahead a triumphant Tom Warren was approaching the finish line with renewed vigor. A light rain fell, and his pickup crew sprinted with him, along with a group of laughing teen-agers. He completed the marathon in 3:51. About 20 people were waiting at the finish. It had taken him 11 hours, 15 minutes and 56 seconds to become the Iron Man, a day's work for a lifetime reward. The scene was reminiscent of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* when the character Life-in-Death shouts, "The game is done! I've won. I've won!" For every time Warren wins, he is cursed to try again. That is why he cried as a young boy by the family swimming pool. With thirst unslaked, this albatross around his neck, he sails on and on.

**T**om Warren lay on the grass and talked as onlookers stood in awe. When he tried to rise he held out a shaky arm and a slight man in his late 60s pulled him to his feet. A little later there was a minor commotion. Cowman was jogging by, just starting the first phase of the marathon. He had taken almost 2½ hours in the ocean and just under nine hours on his bike. His real name is Ken Shirk. When he works, it is in construction, usually in Lake Tahoe. As he passed he let out a weird, loud yodel.

Of the 15 entries, 12 finished. A Naval physician from San Diego, Frank Day, wrenched his knee in the swim and

continued

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had to quit midway in the marathon. And two youngsters, Dave Heffernan and Dennis Cuhill, had assorted mishaps and retired from their agony in the run. Emberson was third in 12 hours and 23 minutes. Haller needed 12:31, strengthening as the day progressed and as he got farther from the debacle of the swim. His marathon time was fastest of the group, eight minutes faster than Warren's. Lynn Lemaire finished fifth overall in 12:55. She ran hard at the finish. Henry Forrest improved his overall time by 35 minutes, sir. Cowman finished in 16 hours and 41 minutes, his horns in place.

Warren was waiting when Dunbar crossed in second place. This was the real awards ceremony. Dunbar's numbed eyes widened when he saw the winner, now recovered in the 48 minutes he had put between them. The youngster's knees buckled and his body weaved a swaying dance. He was mumbling thickly, offering his congratulations. Warren quipped, "Ready to go bar-hopping?" But the dazed Dunbar was rushed off and wrapped in blankets. For a brief time his legs were paralyzed.

While Dunbar's handlers gently poured warm water over him, Haller, the deposed champion, and Warren, the new one, went off together and sat in a Jacuzzi, swapping training stories until midnight. It was, they agreed, a way of life. In another room, Hank Grundman and six others who had served on various support crews dozed in exhaustion. After two hours Warren emerged from the Jacuzzi. Later he tried to talk someone into breakfast, but there was no one still strong enough to lift a fork, so at 1:30 a.m. the new champion walked in the rain down a deserted Honolulu street. He was wearing a T shirt and shorts. A couple of miles away, Commander John Collins stood sentinel in the park, waiting for his son, Mike, still running early in his marathon. The youngster would finish at 8:30 a.m. Monday.

Tom Warren shuffled down the street unnoticed, hands in pockets and head bent under the rain, moving back middle age another day, going the distance, cursed to win so that he will not lose, the bright-eyed Munner, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea.

END





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# As I See It

by SEAN KELLOGG

## LIKE HITTING HOMERS, HITTING HIGH NOTES IN OPERA TAKES ATHLETIC SKILL

Opera singers, athletes? Those paranoid, overpampered, overweight bags of air who won't go outside for fear of catching a cold, who speak in monosyllables for fear of tiring their voices, who flee the room when someone takes out a cigarette? Dancers, yes, now they could be called athletes. After all, they move around, they even pick people up. But singers?

People speak of a singer's musicality, his subtle phrasing, his feeling for a song. Never do they mention his athletic ability. And even when they speak of a singer's power, they don't usually equate it with physical strength. But the fact is, opera is extremely demanding physically, and a good opera singer must possess many of the same qualities as other good athletes: strength, coordination, stamina. His playing field may be a stage, his uniform a fancy costume and his warmup suit a five-foot scarf, but a singer is, in his way, as much an athlete as Terry Bradshaw or Reggie Jackson.

Several singers have proven their talents in both fields. Paul Robeson, the bass-baritone, was a two-time All-America end at Rutgers and could have gone on to the pros. Baritone Robert Merrill was a star pitcher in high school who played semipro ball to help finance his education. Tenor Franco Corelli was an amateur boxer in Italy and a champion rower, and today he runs two to five miles every morning in Central Park.

Don't misunderstand me. Athletic ability isn't an end in itself in singing any more than in football. The final goal of singing, the product we wish to hear, is good tone well used. However, to produce that tone a certain amount of athletic ability, a certain amount of strength, coordination and stamina is a necessity.

### Strength

To understand how and why strength is needed in singing, it is first necessary to understand how you sing. Singing, like talking, is the result of air passing through two folds in the throat, commonly called the vocal cords. The air provided by the lungs causes the cords to vibrate, and the result is sound. This sound picks up color and tone by resonating through three cavities in the head: the pharynx, the larynx and the mouth. Volume or power in a voice is increased by increasing the resistance to the air by contracting the upper abdominal muscles. This resistance forces the air through the cords, producing the vibrant, non-breathy tone associated with good singing.

Resistance isn't foreign to athletics. When we run, we depend on the resistance of the ground. When we swim, we push against the resistance of the water. For a singer this resistance is within his own body.

The best singers, the strongest singers, usually are those who have a wide range of notes. Most study seven or eight years before they are ready to sing opera, and many of their exercises consist of a kind of vocal weight lifting designed to strengthen throat and diaphragm. Veteran opera singers often develop big chests and incredibly strong diaphragms. Caruso, it is said, could move a piano by extending his diaphragm.

Luciano Pavarotti is probably the finest tenor now singing. He is certainly the biggest. "To sing you need the strong body of an athlete," he says. "Especially in the diaphragm you need tremendous strength." As a youth in Italy, Pavarotti played soccer. Today he does at least an hour of physical exercise every day.

Sherrill Milnes, who may be the finest baritone, says, "Singing is almost more muscle than musicality." Milnes ran cross-country in high school, and today he works out four to six times a week with a set of pulley weights. Though he is in trim condition, Milnes says, "Even singers who don't look physically fit, and probably aren't for other exercises, have enormous amounts of power, strength, control and discipline, all of which one must have to sing."

The strength required to sing is the reason you find so many mesomorphs in opera—the same body type usually found in football or weight lifting. Mesomorphs are bulky and muscular and tend to gain weight easily. A number of opera singers are obviously no exception.

Consider four of the top male singers in the world. Placido Domingo stands 6'2" and weighs 225 pounds; Milnes is 6'2", 212 pounds; Martti Talvela 6'7", 250 pounds; and Pavarotti 6'1", about 240 pounds. That's a front four Bear Bryant would covet.

### Coordination

The second requirement of good singing is coordination. In baseball and basketball, they speak of hand-eye coordination—for example, hitting a ball where the eye perceives it to be. In singing, there is a similar coordination that might be called ear-throat coordination—the ability to make the throat reproduce notes heard by the ear.

When people are described as tone-deaf, it doesn't mean that they don't hear the notes. Indeed, most tone-deaf people can readily hear and enjoy music performed by others. However, they lack the coordination to reproduce the sounds in their own throats. Most people have this coordination naturally, and with a little effort can master it enough to enjoy singing the way most people can master hand-eye coordination sufficiently to play a little ball. A professional singer, though, requires considerably more coordination. He must be able to find his note when the orchestra is playing something quite different; he must be able to negotiate strange jumps from high to low;

*continued*



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AS I SEE IT continued

and he must be able to hear his part as the harmony of another singer's part.

In addition, opera singers have a bag of athletic tricks that Henry Pleasants in his book *The Great Singers* calls "sheer virtuosity in the athletic sense." They include: *portamento* (sliding from one note to another, usually hitting all the notes in between); *appoggiatura* (a quick note that gives grace or elegance to a melodic or harmonic progression); *roulade* (a quick succession of notes up and down the scale); *trill* (a rapid, deliberate wavering back and forth between two notes); *messa di voce* (a singer begins a note softly, swells it to the loudest possible sound, and then diminishes it back to the original softness).

All of these techniques require practice and study and, I think, natural coordination. The stronger a singer's voice, the more difficult the tricks are to execute. Here opera singers face the same dilemma that participants in a number of sports face. For example, the bigger a football player, the harder it is for him to maneuver. On the other hand, though he may be more agile, a smaller man may not have enough strength to be effective. Opera, like football, is best as a union of opposites. A singer must possess as much strength as possible while maintaining full coordination or control of the voice.

Nowhere in opera do strength and coordination face a more difficult test than in the high note—that leap into the upper stratosphere of the human voice. Pavarotti, whose resplendent high notes have earned him the nickname King of the High Cs, says, "For a high note, you need extra strength, an extra push of the diaphragm. For a big voice you need incredible muscular power to go to the top. Birgit Nilsson is very strong. The same with Joan Sutherland. She's a very athletic girl."

**Stamina**

There are really two kinds of stamina in sports: one involves how long and well an athlete can perform in a specific game or event, the other how long and well an athlete can perform over a career. To those who don't know the effort that goes into singing, it may seem strange that an opera singer who sings only half an hour to an hour in an entire opera, requires two or three days to recover. However, opera demands not only strength but also sustained strength, sustained energy.

continued

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"A singer must give his utmost every time he sings," says Milnes. "At the end of 25 minutes of singing, I come off stage puffing like a steam engine and dripping water. Although I'm convinced that cross-country running is the most painful sport there is, singing requires as much stamina. You often have to sing with your lungs aching for oxygen when the singing is demanding and there are few rests. You have enough air to sing, but your lungs are full of carbon dioxide and your body is hurting for oxygen. Psychologically, you reach the same state you do in running. You don't want to keep on going. You want to lie down on the grass and rest."

To understand why a singer needs two or three days to recover, consider a starting pitcher, who also relies largely on one set of muscles. The pitcher exerts those muscles to their maximum during the game. And although he may actually be pitching for only 15 or so minutes, he needs a three- or four-day rest. Now, if

a pitcher throws too hard, too often and/or too young—meaning in junior high or high school—he can ruin his arm. But if he husbands his arm during the first critical years of pitching and takes care to give it proper rest, he may enjoy a long and prosperous career. The same applies to a singer. There are singers who ruin their voices trying too hard at too young an age. On the other hand, there are those who sing on into their 50s. The George Blandas of opera have lasted into their 60s. And Jan Peerce is still singing at 74.

Here, of course, is where singing makes its departure from sports—age. In baseball, a player may be ready to play pro ball at 23, reach his peak at 29 and retire at 33. In opera, a singer usually isn't ready to perform until he is in his late 20s. He won't reach his peak until his mid-30s.

But opera also has this in common with sports. There is in every sport an aspect that may legitimately be called art.

There is in every physical achievement a feeling of joy or pride in human accomplishment. Man is in many ways a slave to his body. He is hampered by physical limitations. He gets sick, he grows old, he eventually dies.


Singing as well as sport makes us forget that for a moment. They both show us man at his highest physical capabilities. When someone seems to sing or run effortlessly we are lured into believing that we are the masters of our bodies, that we can stretch and extend our limitations.

On rare occasions, I have heard singing so beautiful, so strong and so compelling. I couldn't believe that it came from the throat of a man. It seemed to come from outside of him. So it is when a high jumper clears a bar set at a height that seems beyond human capability to leap over, when a back eludes one tackle after another after another, and then suddenly is in the clear, high-stepping to the goal line.

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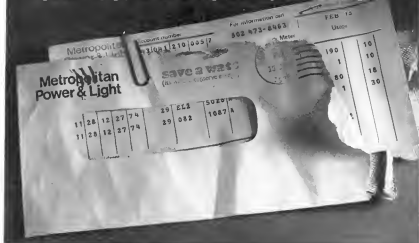


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# Yesterday

by ROBERT STRAUSS

## THE SPHAs DID SOME FANCY STEPPING DOWN AT THE BROADWOOD BALLROOM

Back in 1918, when residents of South Philadelphia's lower-middle-class ethnic pocket were loath to spend their hard-earned dimes on anything beyond sustenance, three recent high school graduates decided to start a semipro basketball team. Eddie Gottlieb, Harry Passon and Hughie Black wanted to go on playing their favorite game while casting about for their true careers. They proposed the idea to the South Philadelphia Hebrew Association's board of directors, and when the board agreed to spring for uniforms, the young basketball entrepreneurs were on their way.

"We split receipts just like kids who have hands today do," says Gottlieb, whose Philadelphia Warriors were one of the early teams in the National Basketball Association and who, at 77 plus, still makes up the NBA schedules each year. "We got maybe five bucks apiece each game, but we were all working besides. We were going to be lawyers and doctors or whatever young Jewish boys were going to be in those days, not basketball players. We were just having fun."

By 1921 the fun had become lucrative enough for Gottlieb, Passon and Black to take over sponsorship of the team from the South Philadelphia Hebrew Association and to supply the team uniforms. Philadelphia *Inquirer* sportswriter Bill Scheffler nicknamed the club the SPHAs (pronounced "spahs") for the association's initials that the players still wore on their shirts.

"There were a lot of Catholic teams around for us to play," says Gottlieb. "The SPHAs represented the Jewish community. It was a togetherness thing."

The SPHAs added Babe Kloxz from Girard College, a school for fatherless boys, and Manny Davidson, who later manufactured foam-rubber cushions, and in 1921-22 won 32 of their 36 home games. That was good enough to get them admitted to the Philadelphia League, a newly formed pro conference. Then they imported a 5'6" guard named Divey

Banks from New York, paying him a whopping \$50 a game.

Banks led the SPHAs to league championships in 1924, 1925 and 1926, with his finest effort coming in a best-two-of-three series with the Original Celtics in 1926. The SPHAs lost the first game, but Banks' 30-footer with 30 seconds remaining in the second game beat the supposedly unbeatable Celtics 26-25. Banks scored a game-high 11 in the final game as the SPHAs won again, 36-27. When the Celtics signed Banks for the 1926-27 season, the SPHAs had to regroup.

"It wasn't all that hard," says Gottlieb. "At that time, Jewish players dominated the game the way blacks do today. Basketball was their big game."

In 1929, after combing the Philadelphia YMHA Jewish Amateur League for new young talent, Gottlieb came up with two gems. One was Harry Litwack, a 5'8" All-America guard from Temple with hands so lively he could, according to one old SPHA rooster named Albert

Wahl, steal the pants off an opponent and discount them three times on the way to the basket. Litwack went on to coach Temple basketball for 21 years.

The other find was David (Cy) Kaselman, a 5'11" forward who is still acclaimed by SPHA experts as the best all-round basketball player to come off Philadelphia courts.

"Cy was the best," says Dave Zinkoff, the frog-voiced P.A. announcer for the Philadelphia 76ers who started his career writing the SPHAs *Sparks* program. "There was nothing like him in shooting those rainbow set shots or grabbing rebounds from men eight inches taller. Cy could dribble past the big men and score over the small. The greatest."

With holdover Chick Passon, who was Harry's brother, Gottlieb added Lou Forman of Dickinson College and Yock Welsh, plus two New York stars, George (Red) Wolfe of St. John's and Babe Lyman of NYU, and led the SPHAs into the Eastern Professional League, where the best basketball of the early '30s was being played. After the SPHAs won three league titles in four years, they were asked to join the new American League, the *crème de la crème* of pre-NBA pro basketball.

By that time the SPHAs had become the toast of Philadelphia's Jewish community. Though not a religious organization by any means, the team was a focus of what is often called social Judaism. It wore "Jewish blue" uniforms with Hebrew characters emblazoned across the front. After Gil Fitch, a 5'11" forward from Temple, joined the club for the 1932-33 season, every game was followed by a dance with music provided by the Gil Fitch Orchestra.

"By the time we started the dances," says Gottlieb, "we had moved to the Broadwood Hotel, where the Philadelphia Athletic Club now stands, and played our games in their ballroom. A lot of fans met their future wives and husbands at SPHAs games. The admission was low, never more than \$1.25, and women got in even cheaper. At the time Jewish parents weren't keen on letting their daughters go to public dances, but at a SPHAs game they might meet a nice Jewish boy and . . ."

And see one heck of a basketball game. From 1933 to 1946, when the NBA (née the BAA) was founded, the SPHAs won seven of 14 American League titles.

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*continued*



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## YESTERDAY continues

championship was in 1937. The SPHAs were down 3-1 in the best-of-seven series to the Union City (N.J.) Reds and, at one point, were behind by 10 points in the fifth game. But they rallied to win 34-33 when Kaselman hit a free throw with 10 seconds to go. Moments later, a Union City forward charged into the jeering crowd at the Broadwood, and punched a fan, starting a melee. The SPHAs went on to tie the series 3-3 with a 45-32 victory. The final game had to be played in the Philadelphia Arena in order to accommodate the crowd. The score was 38-38 at the end of regulation play when anti-Semitic hollering started.

"We got a lot of it, but that anti-Jewish stuff didn't bother us much," says Gottlieb. "We got it bad sometimes, but we were tough and rugged guys and didn't listen." Listen or not, a fired-up Red Rosan scored two field goals and sank a free throw to open up a five-point lead in overtime, and the SPHAs won the game 43-42, and the championship.

During World War II, Gottlieb found it necessary to recruit non-Jews for the SPHAs. Art Hillhouse, a 6'8" center from Long Island University, and George Senesky of hometown St. Joseph's, who later became a forward and coach for the Philadelphia Warriors, came in during the 1943 season.

In 1947 Gottlieb founded the Philadelphia Warriors of the new BAA, with a nucleus of SPHAs and other pros. Peppy Rosenberg told Gottlieb about a gentle troopmate at Pearl Harbor who could play a mean court game—Joe Fulks. Fulks became the first big star of the BAA—and it's successor, the NBA—averaging 23.2 points per game and leading the Warriors to the BAA championship over the Chicago Stags in 1947.

By this time the SPHAs were only a pale reflection of earlier teams. They shuffled for a time as tour "opponents" of the Harlem Globetrotters and then, in the early '50s, disbanded.

"But it sure was a lot of fun," says Gottlieb. "We stayed around so long because we were one of the few teams of that era to make money. And we made money because we developed a following, the second-generation Philadelphia Jews. I remember we gave out suits to a lucky-number ticket for a while. One girl told her date that she would marry him if he won the suit. Sure enough, he won it. I guess they got married. That's the kind of team we were."

1988

## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 30-May 6

**WFO BASKETBALL**—NBA. All joined but Phoenix, already down 2-0 in its semifinal series with Seattle, when Center Arvin Adams had to leave in the first quarter of Game 3 with a sprained left ankle. But he returned to the court in Game 4, and the Suns' defense spoiled the Stars' second defense with three steals and two blocked shots as Phoenix went on to win 113-103 despite 35 points by Gus Williams. Williams had led Seattle in scoring in the first round, but he was injured in the final quarter. Three nights later, the Sonics scored the season's first win, paced by John Stockton with 21 points in double figures in a 103-87 triumph over Arizona. But Philadelphia 110-108 the second day of the first round, and the Blazers' Reggie Miller and Grant Hill scored their first career NBA points. Grant Hill scoring 31 points and Larry Kenon 27. The win ended the franchise's 103-year losing streak in playoff series, dating back to when the team was the Dallas Cowboys. The Sonics' defense was the best in the league with Washington, the Spurs stored best with a 118-97 victory. The defending champion Lakers bounced back to 107-97 over the 76ers.

The Houston Angels beat the Iowa Cornets 111-104 in the fifth game of their best-of-five series to win the Women's Basketball League championship (page 44)

**GOLF**—WAYNE LEVI shot rounds of 63 and 71 on Sunday for a 16-under-par 264 at the \$300,000 Houston Open to win his first individual victory on the PGA tour, by two strokes over rookie Mike Brannan. The two-round final day was necessary because Friday's play was rained out.

NANCY LOPEZ fired a final-round 68 for a six-under-par total of 212 to win the \$250,000 Women's International at Hilton Head Island, S.C. by three strokes over Donna Horton White.

**HOCKEY**—Montreal scored a 3-2 lead in the home-ice series Stanley Cup semifinal series with Boston. With slightly more than three minutes remaining in Game 3, Boston defenseman Brad Park charged the length of the ice and beat Goaltender Ken Dryden with a 20-foot shot that gave the Bruins a 2-1 victory. Jean Ratelle, who was the first player to score in the series, scored in the second period when Boston's 4-3 lead was cut to 3-3. In the third period, Boston's 4-4 overtime. Back in the Montreal Forum, the Canadiens captured the series lead with a 3-0 victory in which Guy Lafleur scored the first two goals only 25 seconds apart. The Rangers and Islanders continued their on-ice series, the Rangers winning the third game 3-1, the Islanders pulling even at 1-1, to take a 3-2 series lead. The Rangers, winning Game 3, 4-2, to take a 3-2 series lead.

**WHA** New England evened its series with Edmonton at three games apiece with an 8-4 victory in which Dave Keon had two goals and two assists. The two previous games in the best-of-seven semifinal had pitted the Oilers' experience against the Oilers youth. A goal by 41-year-old John McKenzie off a pass from the 39-year-old Keon gave New England a 3-4 win that tied the playoff at 2-2. Two nights later the Oilers took the series lead as 38-year-old Wayne Gretzky scored a hat trick in a 5-2 win.

**HORSE RACING**—Ron Franklin rode SPECTACULAR BID (13-20) to a 2 1/4-length victory over General Assembly in the 106th running of the Kentucky Derby. The 3-year-old was timed in 2:02 1/2 for the 1 1/4 miles (June 3).

DAYONA DALE (\$2,800), Jorge Velasquez up, won the \$415,600 Kentucky Oaks for 3-year-old fillies at Churchill Downs by 4½ lengths over Hamalayan. The winner ran the 1¼-mile over a sloppy track in 1:47½.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—BOBBY ALLISON scrooped his Thunderbird safely through a 26-car crash 15 miles into the race and went on to win the \$275,950 Winston 500 in Talladega, Ala. By more than a lap over Darrell Waltrip as Oldsmobile, Allison averaged 154.770 mph.

**SOCCER**—NASC. The New England Trainers, winners and second in their first five games, ended both frustrating streaks with a 2-1 victory over Rochester. Atlanta also won its first game, 4-0 over Tampa Bay. The Cosmos remained unbeaten with two victories, 4-2 over Philadelphia on Giorgio Chelenghi's hot kick and 3-0 over Toronto. Vancouver also won twice, beating San Diego 3-1 and San Jose 3-1. Their defeat was the fourth-quarter 5th by one goal in six games. Tulsa lost its first two games of the season, 3-0 to Washington and 4-3 to Portland.

ASL. The New York Eagles, who began the week as one of the league's two unbeaten teams, played three games and emerged as one of two teams without a win for the week. All of the Eagles' previous games had ended in ties, and they got their fourth in a row, 1-1, at Indianapolis. Then Pennsylvania beat the Eagles 1-0, and two days later Los Angeles defeated them 3-1 on two goals by Jon Rolland. California remained unbeaten with a 3-2 win over Los Angeles, and New Jersey stayed winless in losing 2-0 to Columbus.

**FINNIS**—JOHN McENRDE defeated Bjorn Borg 7-5, 4-6, 6-2, 7-6 to win the \$200,000 World Championship Tennis final in Dallas (June 26).

The United States won its fourth consecutive Federation Cup, the women's world team championship, in Madrid by defeating Australia 3-0. In singles, CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Dianne Fromholtz 2-6, 6-3, 6-6 and TRACY AUSTIN defeated Kerry Reid 4-1, 6-0. Eddie Jean King and Rosalyn Cash defeated Reid and Wendy Turnbull in doubles.

**TRACK & FIELD**—RENALDO NEHEMIAH of the University of Maryland established a world record in the 110-meter hurdles at the UCLA Invitational meet in Los Angeles. His time of 13.00 broke his own pending mark of 13.16 set three weeks ago (see page 26).

**VOLLEYBALL**—UCLA defeated Southern Cal 12-15, 15-12, 15-11 and 15-7 to win the NCAA championship and finish its season unbeaten in 11 matches.

**WRESTLING**—The Minnesota Wrestling Club won its 10th AAU Greco-Roman championship in the last 17 years, at Albany, N. Y., outpointing the New York Athletic Club, which finished second, 67-40.

**PLAYOFFS—FIRED** As coach of the NHL Atlanta Flames, FRED CREIGHTON, 45, who had a 194-136-54 record in 465 seasons. The Flames were 41-35-21 this year.

**REINSTATED** By a U.S. District Court in Indianapolis, the six Champcar Sprint Racing Team members barred from the Indianapolis 500 by the U.S. Auto Club two weeks ago. Judge James Noonan made no ruling on CART's allegations that USAC and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway conspired to keep the six teams out of the race in violation of antitrust law, but granted a temporary injunction against the ban because of the "severe hardship" the drivers of the CART teams would suffer if they were kept out of the race.

**DIED** BILL LUCAS, 43, vice-president and director of player personnel for the Atlanta Braves since 1976, three days after suffering cardiac arrest and a massive brain hemorrhage, in Atlanta. A former minor league second baseman in the Braves' system, Lucas was the highest-ranking black executive in baseball.

## CREDITS

86. 89—Henry Custer 88. 89—Eryn Mom Kopf  
Jerry Cooke 88E, 8-8 Grodz 89—Jerry Cooke 88  
29—Manny Melfe 89—John Jacobs 89—Richard  
Mackase (Dop) Peter Paul Miller 88, 89—Robert Ha-  
schbach (Gentel) Richard Mackay (2) 88—Gerald R  
Bismarck 89—John McCreath 88—Ron Seward,  
71—Phil Stancin 74—Bob Straus 31 39—Walter Toom  
31 315—John M. Gaspola 31 Nick Robin

## FACES IN THE CROWD

LUCILLE KENYON  
Lecturer in English

Kanyon, a 68-year-old grandmother, has logged 42,000 miles in trail ride competition and training over the last 29 years. Aboard her horse Diamond Mus, she completed her 105th 100-mile ride at the 22nd Virginia Trail Ride in Hot Springs



**GARRY RAMEY**  
 Campus Administrator, Inc. / FLA

Ramsey, 22, won the No. 1 singles and doubles tennis matches for St. Andrews Presbyterian College of North Carolina against Pembroke State, then drove 85 miles to win the 180, mile and three-mile run in a track meet at Wingate College.



JAMNUNJALA, JIMENEZ  
M. J. and J. C. 1998

Jimenez, 23, a member of the Naval Academy pistol team, is the first female marksman to win an N-Star, a variety letter with a star to indicate a victory over Army. She is the first woman to receive honorable mention on the NRA All-America team.



GARRETT BLANTON  
TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

Giametti, 9, pitching in his first game, allowed no hits and struck out 15 in a five-inning game in the city recreation department Cub League. He also hit two home runs and a double in three at bats as his Chiefs beat the Dodgers 11-0.



**JULIE FITZPATRICK**  
Marriage Writer

Fitzpatrick, 24, won the women's division of the ACU-I Intercollegiate Billiards Championship, in Ann Arbor, Mich., for the second time in three years. The University of Wisconsin senior had the high run of 14 in the tournament.



HOWARD ANDERSON  
London

Angus, 35, continued his domination of court tennis by winning his fourth consecutive Real Tennis World Championship, in Hampton Court, England. He defeated Chris Ronaldson of Scotland in the first seven games of the best-of-13 final.



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## THE READERS TAKE OVER

### LISTS

Sir:

A List of Lists (April 30) by Phil Pepe and Zander Hollander was a total delight. I had thought, before reading it, that I was the only one in the world left who still remembered who Bill Rohr was! However, Meiers, Pepe and Hollander missed one event which would have qualified for two categories: Roberto de Vicenzo's failure to check his scorecard in the 1968 Masters, before signing an incorrect one, cost him a tie for the lead after 72 holes and the chance of a playoff with Bob Goelby, the winner. This certainly was one of the most famous sports boners ever. Furthermore, de Vicenzo uttered one of the most famous sports quotes ever upon learning of his error: "What a stupid I am!"

ELLIOTT THALI  
New York City

Sir,

I particularly liked the All-Star baseball teams and offer my own for J. Paul Getty:

Dan Bankhead  
Wes Stock  
Bobby Bonds  
Dave Cash  
Don Money  
Ernie Banks  
Dick Green  
Ken Singleton  
Buck Martinez

Singing the national anthem is Johnny Paycheck.

LEE KRAVITZ  
Baltimore

Sir:

Your article was especially welcomed by this Viking fan because someone has finally forgotten Jim Marshall's boner of running a flume recovery the wrong way. This oversight made the whole article worthwhile.

SCOTT BUSH  
Mazomanie, Wis.

Sir,

Your List of Lists had two very notable omissions. You must include Billy Cannon, Heisman Trophy winner and D.D.S., among your Athletic Doctors, and the Athletics Who Became Actors list is incomplete without Johnny Weissmuller.

BOB HOLTER  
Cincinnati

Sir,

Your list omitted a great cowboy actor—Johnny Mack Brown, an All-America half-back at the University of Alabama.

TERRY H. BROWN  
Atlanta

Sir:

When we read Ronald Reagan's and Rex Reed's lists of the six and 10 best sports movies, respectively, we couldn't believe that Rocky was not among them.

TOM CHRUSLIAK  
BILL GERWIG  
College Park, Md.

Sir:

The only way Rusty Staub could steal a base would be if he were to sneak into a baseball park at 2 a.m.

STEVE CHRISTIAN  
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sir:

Why any man would change his name to Graziano from Barbella is beyond my comprehension.

PETER M. BARBELLA  
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

The best Ozark-um was omitted. "We're not out of it yet"—after the Phillies lost to the Pirates to split six and a half games behind with six left to play in 1975.

BILL PILONG JR.  
Haddon Heights, N.J.

Sir:

You name one of the "15 Perfect Baseball Butteries" as Hand and Foote. If I am not mistaken, the pitcher you were thinking of is Bill Hands, who played with the Giants, Cubs, Twins and Rangers. This would make the pairing inconsistent, unless Barry Foote changed his name to Barry Foote.

MIKE PERRICONE  
West Babylon, N.Y.

• Try Rich Hand, who pitched for the Indians, Rangers and Angels in the early '70s.—ED

Sir:

Being an alumnus of the only high school to appear twice on your list of "10 High School Quarterbacks It Must Have Been Fun To Have on Your Team," I must correct you: Sonny Jurgeson and Roman Gabriel attended New Hanover High in Wilmington, N.C., not Wilmington High. There is, in fact, no such institution as Wilmington High.

EDDIE MCNEAL  
NHHHS, Class of '52  
Marietta, Ga.

Sir,

I think Pepe and Hollander have overlooked one of the best Yogi-nisms of them all. Former Red Sox Pitcher Joe Dobson told me that one day, after a game in which Berni had four hits, he approached a writer for a

continued



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